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PROGRESS AND PROSPECTS OF SOCIETY.

Sir Thomas More: or, Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society, by Robert Southey, Esq., Poet Laureate. In 2 vols., 8vo. Murray. London, 1829.

WHEN a popular journal* recently noted, as an ominous sign of the times, the universal, unaccountable dislike to speaking truth on any subject of importance, it only gave with naïve fidelity the result of every thinking man's experience and consciousness. There would be little hope of social improvement if this now endemic indisposition were wholly ascribable to what at first sight might appear to be its only possible cause—a determined tacit withdrawal of all interest in the commonweal on the part of almost all its influential members. We fly for refuge from so desperate an hypothesis to a milder, though a scarcely less humiliating solution, by which the state of facts thus signalised may better be referred to intellectual than to moral inertness—to want of clearness than to positive obliquity in the social views and feelings of our countrymen. The superstitions of the infant age of nations—the individual ties which once attached the governed to their governors—even the strength of feeling (though often linked with rather obscure ideas) which the names of *constitution* or *liberty* have been wont to excite in Englishmen, have naturally decayed; nor has the social instinct—the *sapientia vulgare*†—of earlier times been as yet replaced by principles more suited to our more advanced progress; nor has the moral truth involved in many a fast-decaying prejudice as yet received its needful purification—its appropriate philosophical expression.

To those who view with anxiety the dangerous transition which our national mind and regimen has yet to complete, we may venture to suggest a ground of favourable anticipation, as a fair and legitimate counterpoise for those discouraging symptoms to which allusion has already been made. This is the increase of individual power in every branch of moral action and influence—a tenet which may meet with incredulity from many who first listen to its naked exposition. Mistakes are made, when, looking at the past with reference only to a few distinguished persons and occurrences, we declaim about the woe-ful diminution of energy which has happened from old times to the present. It is forgotten, that, in centuries of feudal pride and turbulence, the prominence of a few was only purchased by the moral annihilation of numbers; and when the later and nobler exploits of mental power in past ages are brought into comparison with those of the present, besides that the unfairness is not seldom committed of arraying on the one side the muster-roll of centuries—on the other, the poor handful of a single generation,—it is forgotten, that a higher range of mental cultivation is more equally diffused amongst more numerous partakers, although it should be granted that the qualities are more rarely combined which constitute the highest rank of genius.

From the tone of the foregoing observations, it will readily be understood that we cannot exactly sympathise with a vein which, more or less, runs through the whole of the work before us, and which is mingled and made up of a certain ill-

explained terror for the effects which are to follow from the fatal demolition of such bulwarks as the Test Act and exclusion of the Catholics, combined with an even more mysterious feeling of the delinquency which has been incurred by the Government of this country, in not extending, by some undefined means, its moral influence, and in not anticipating the pious zeal of Methodists and Dissenters, by infusing, through what agency *non liquet*, a commensurate enthusiasm into the Church. We have for some time back been so pleasingly accustomed to compare the frequent prophecies, ascribed to our author, in the pages of 'The Quarterly Review,' with the events which seemed to follow solely in order to their falsification, that we cannot help indulging in pleasing hopes of further blessings on the strength of his present Jeremiahs. Hardly had the oracle announced, in plainer language than is prudent for oracles, that the duration of the Test and Corporation Acts would be identical with that of the Church, than this indispensable integrant of our ecclesiastical polity came down, like the walls of Jericho, without even a flourish of trumpets. Scarcely was the ink dry, or the types removed from their forms, which had announced a renewed lease of the Irish half of the House of Commons (the outside of it, namely) to the Catholics, than the proprietor and manager of St. Stephen's themselves open the door to their unqualified admission. We cannot but hope, that his dolorous animadversions on the want of stricter discipline, ecclesiastical and civil, are but (with reverence to their gravity) as cuckoo songs bespeaking summer, which augur the removal of remaining restrictions.

One more point we wish to settle with Mr. Southey, before we proceed directly to the work before us. This is his apprehension of an inordinate and mischievous increase of national wealth; a feeling in which we certainly cannot seriously participate, whatever we may think of some anomalies and abuses in the public distribution of riches. Indeed, we were for some time at a loss to account for the uneasiness of our author on this head, until at length we found a clue to it in a notion which, strange though it be, our author is not singular in holding, the notion that our national debt is a portion of our national wealth. That it *was* a portion of national wealth, we are ready to acknowledge; but we really wish we could pacify Mr. Southey's pious fears that it is, or ever will be again. We really think the mass of debt incurred in the late war has not augmented national wealth in that degree which should affect a patriotic mind with serious disquiet, as we are not aware of any items greatly more important than brick-bats, cuirasses, and helmets, imported by young ladies from the field of Waterloo; and sets of teeth, transmitted from the same cadaverous market by the agents of the London dentists. Nor, we think, need our author apprehend any private inconvenience from the vast excess of wealth under which he conceives the land to groan, nor need he anticipate the collector's domiciliary visit for the purpose, not, as wont, of exaction, but of restitution, of absolutely pressing him to participate in that dividend of our overflowing affluence, which the embarrassment of holding it must finally force upon Government; and of which, if we reckon the debt at 860,000,000*l.*, and the population, for the sake of round numbers, at 22,000,000, Mr. Southey's individual share, which we beg him to

believe there is no very imminent risque of being thrown on his hands, will amount to 39*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*

We insert the following extract from the work before us as uniting most of its merits, as well as many of its peculiarities, and we adjourn a more detailed examination of both to the epoch of our next appearance:

'MONTESINOS.

'But how is this to be effected? Announce the speedy Restoration of the Jews, and you will find believers. Preach up the duty of converting the Turks, and you may form a society for that express purpose. But if you propose to render civilization complete by extending it to those classes who are brutalised by the institutions of society, half the persons whom you address will ask how this is to begin? and the other half, where it is to end? Undoubtedly both are grave questions. Owen of Lanark indeed would answer both: but because he promises too much, no trial is made of the good which his schemes might probably perform.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'In your opinion then he has shown how the beginning might be made.

'MONTESINOS.

'If I were his countryman, I would class him in a triad as one of the three men who have in this generation given an impulse to the moral world. Clarkson and Dr. Bell are the other two. They have seen the first fruits of their harvest. So I think would Owen ere this, if he had not alarmed the better part of the nation by proclaiming, upon the most momentous of all subjects, opinions which are alike fatal to individual happiness and to the general good. Yet I admire the man; and readily admit that his charity is a better plank than the faith of an intolerant and bitter-minded bigot, who, as Warburton says, "counterworks his Creator, makes God after man's image, and chuses the worst model he can find... himself!"

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'You must, however, acknowledge that the prejudice which he has thus excited against his political speculations, is not unfounded: for the connection between moral truth and political wisdom is close and indissoluble; and he who shows himself grievously erroneous upon one important point, must look to have his opinions properly distrusted upon others. To maintain that the state ought not to concern itself with the religion of the subjects is the greatest and most perilous of all political errors: and to regard religion with indifference is the most dangerous of all moral ones;... if indeed in any case that may be called an error, which assuredly in most is less a mistake of the understanding than a sin of the will.

'MONTESINOS.

'A craniologist, I dare say, would pronounce that the organ of theopathy is wanting in Owen's head, that of benevolence being so large as to have left no room for it.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Away with such systems! Where there is most love of God, there will there be the truest and most enlarged philanthropy. No other foundation is secure. There is no other means whereby nations can be reformed, than that by which alone individuals can be regenerated. In the laws of God conscience is made the basis of policy; and in proportion as human laws depart from that groundwork, error and evil are the sure result.

'MONTESINOS.

'So Lord Brooke teaches, the wisest man that ever uttered dark sayings in verse. National happiness must be produced through the influence of religious laws. There is nothing, however, in the practical part of Owen's polity to exclude them; and indeed so far as his scheme of society might easily and beneficially be put in execution, it would strengthen their influence; its purport and effect being

"That private hearts may unto public ends Still governed be by order's easy reins."

* 'The Quarterly Review.'

† Vico, *Scienza Nuova*.

'A set of journeymen in London endeavoured to make the attempt. They were chiefly printers. A committee was appointed to digest their plan, and the Report which they put forth upon the subject was worthy of more attention than it obtained. In this Report they declared themselves fully persuaded that by combining their industry, their skill and their mental faculties, they should not merely bid defiance to poverty, but secure a competency of the goods of life, a great accession of intellectual enjoyments and rational amusements, and, above all, the means of giving their children an education which would ensure them an adequate portion of useful knowledge, and confirm them in virtuous habits. Clubs and Friendly Societies, they said, had made them familiar with the blessed effects of union; and they were certain that by thus uniting they should obtain the power of creating new wealth for themselves, procure a larger quantity of the means of subsistence for the same money, and enable their wives to perform their domestic duties more skilfully and in half the time which those occupations now required. They calculated upon an average saving of one fourth per cent. by purchasing articles for the community in wholesale: upon a saving of time not less advantageous, by a proper distribution of domestic occupations, and upon the benefit of avoiding waste by having at hand all conveniences and facilities for economy. For the children, large school-rooms were to be provided, (appropriate to other purposes after school hours,) and a large playground, which would keep them from the accidents and temptations of the streets. Constant superintendence was to be exercised over them, by changing the teachers every three hours, and they hoped to unite the advantages of public and private education, the children being at all times accessible to their parents, and constantly with them at certain times of the day. For themselves, their dwellings would be more commodious, their food better, their habits cleaner; and their wives, not being worn down by over exertion, nor by the distraction of conflicting duties, would become better companions, and be better fitted to participate in innocent recreations. The Establishment would in reality be a College of useful arts: it would have its lecturers, its library, its infirmary, and its medical practitioners.

'The result of their estimates was that a saving of 7,790 per annum might be effected by means of the proposed plan upon the expenditure of 250 families, averaging four persons in a family; and that if each adult male member paid one guinea per week to the general fund, the collective sum would provide the whole establishment with all the necessities and many of the comforts of life in abundance, besides furnishing a capital for the purposes of production and traffic. Some objections they anticipated, and first, the difficulty of making so many persons agree and act cordially together. To this they allowed little weight, the only condition which they required upon admission being a formal acknowledgement of this maxim, that while every member had a right to do separately for himself whatever he could, without trespassing upon others, it was his duty to do as much as he could, without injury to himself, for the benefit and comfort of the society. So plain a proposition, they thought, was not likely to be contravened: and if it were, every adult member might quit the society when he pleased; and the majority of course possessed the power of expelling any individual who disturbed its peace, either paying him the fair value of his share in the permanent stock, or allowing him to sell out. A second objection was, that under such a system, the poor, the indolent and inefficient would fare as well as the more wealthy, industrious and useful. But the answer to this was, that a community of goods was not what they proposed: their plan of association rather resembled that of regimental messes; and as the contributions were to be regulated according to the means of those who could afford least, such as could afford more indulgences might have them at their own expense. As for any misdirection or mal-administration of the funds, that must be provided against, as in other cases, by regular inspection. And for the injury which the small retail trade would suffer if such plans were generally adopted, it would be so gradual that it could hardly be called an evil: the general expenditure would be increased rather than diminished, and the retail dealer would find other modes of life. Lastly, the increase of population was objected, as a consequence which must follow from the success of such plans, and aggravate the miseries of posterity. But they repelled this argument with just indignation, and maintained that if a taste for comfort could be diffused over the whole community, it would constitute a much more effectual check upon excessive

population than the misery which results from blind improvidence ever has, or ever can be expected to do.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Enough of the theory. Let us hear how it proved in practice.

'MONTESINOS.

'There was a difficulty in the way which was not so easily obviated as the theoretical objections. London, which furnishes facilities for most things, affords none for an experiment of this kind. Space was wanted, and buildings adapted for the intended manner of life. The speculators proposed to raise 12,000*l.* in shares of 100*l.* each, and with the money to erect a quadrangle according to Mr. Owen's designs; the property of the buildings was to be vested in the shareholders, and the society to pay a rental of 7½ per cent. The capital was not forthcoming. The experiment was commenced with insufficient means, and under circumstances every way inconvenient. Of necessity therefore it failed; and then the failure was imputed to the impracticability of the scheme, whereas, had it been fairly set in action, it could hardly have failed to work well.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Still in Utopia! Would you think thus favourably of the scheme, if it did not in some degree accord with the dreams of your youth?

'MONTESINOS.

'That consideration is more likely to put me on my guard against illusion. But though Owen's views evidently tend to an entire community of goods, and these speculators looked to such a result of their experiment as possible, and as a consummation devoutly to be wished, they did not propose to go this length. What they aimed at was plainly practicable if it could have been fairly started, and the direct results must have been of unquestionable advantage to themselves, and utility to the commonwealth.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'A community of goods, you imply, then, would be productive of good to neither?

'MONTESINOS.

'Theory and experience are alike against it. The Jesuits are the only persons who ever made the experiment upon an adequate scale, and, well as they succeeded in Paraguay, the result did not induce them to establish their later missions upon the same foundation.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Was the fault in the system, or in the Jesuits? Surely they set their standard so low that no inference against the principle of such a polity can be drawn from the result.

'MONTESINOS.

'The standard was the same in the Chiquito as in the Paraguay Reductions. They may more properly be said to have aimed at taming and domesticating the savages than at civilising them. But in the course of their experience they perceived that the disposition to have and to hold is the main spring of all improvements in society: and the desire of increasing their comforts and enjoyments called forth in the Chiquitos a degree of active and intelligent industry, to which the Guaranis, notwithstanding the advantage of a much earlier settlement, never attained. But this is a wide excursion. Let us return from the Guapore and the Uruguay to the Thames.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'What then are the advantages, which, according to your view of the subject, might be expected from the Owenite plan, modified as you think it ought to be?

'MONTESINOS.

'To the individuals so associated, I am persuaded the benefit would not fall short of what these speculators proposed to themselves. And to society at large there would be the great and unequivocal good of exalting one whole class, and that a numerous one, . . . bettering their condition in every way, moral and physical, . . . increasing their respectability, their comforts, their means and their expenditure. This further advantage would arise, that, as no person would be admitted into such a community unless his character would bear inquiry, nor be allowed to continue in it if he deserved expulsion, the members would virtually be bound to their good behaviour: and the evil of a defective order would be remedied as far as such associations might extend. The effect even of the Saxon law, would thus in a great degree be brought about, and that without the slightest trenchment upon individual freedom, and in all respects unexceptionably.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Something of this might be effected more easily by making your parochial government more efficient; that is, by making it what it ought to be, and indeed what it originally was.

'MONTESINOS.

'A parish is in itself a little commonwealth; but in these little governments, as in some great ones, though the machinery exists and is kept up, it no longer works according to its original design. What you have indicated is certainly one practicable means of producing great improvement where it is most needed; so it is perceived to be, and so it will one day be made. But the best parochial police must fall far short of effecting what these voluntary associations might accomplish. The difficulty is that which Archimedes felt: a place is wanted where to plant the machine; and in London this difficulty is almost insuperable. In a provincial town the experiment might more easily be made; but funds for the first outlay are not likely to be forthcoming. Large sums are sometimes bequeathed by humourists in strange ways, . . . to odd purposes more frequently than to useful ones. That such a chance may occur in this case is barely possible. It is somewhat less unlikely that capital may be embarked in it as a speculation, when no other means of employing it are at hand. And perhaps it is even probable that the principle may be taken up by some religious enthusiast, as the foundation for a new sect.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'In that case the evil would be greater than the good. The fanatics who should set out on such a principle would soon find themselves on the road to Munster.

'MONTESINOS.

'I think not. The Moravians on the continent carry it further than we are now contemplating; and yet they are an inoffensive, and even, in some respects, an exemplary people: so much so, that in spite of the obloquy which they provoked at their outset, no sect has ever in so great a degree enjoyed and deserved the good will and good opinion of all other Christian communities. There are more points of resemblance between Geneva and Rome, than between Herrnhut and Munster. The danger in these days is not from religious fanaticism, but from the fanaticism of impiety.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'The one generates the other, and the state of things with you affords opportunity and encouragement for both. But therefore do you think that the Owenite scheme is likely to be carried into effect only by sectarian agency?

'MONTESINOS.

'Because a degree of generous and virtuous excitement is required for overcoming the first difficulties, which nothing but religious feeling can call forth. With all Owen's efforts and all his eloquence, (and there are few men who speak better, or who write so well,) he has not been able in ten years to raise funds for trying his experiment: while during that time the Bible Society has every year levied large contributions upon the public, and more than once a larger sum within the year than he has asked for. Had he connected his scheme with any system of belief, though it had been as visionary as Swedenborgianism, as fabulous as Pöper, as monstrous as Calvinism, as absurd as the dreams of Joanna Southcote, . . . or perhaps even as cold as Unitarianism, the money would have been forthcoming.

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'And surely it is honourable to human nature that it should be so!

'MONTESINOS.

'How? honourable to human nature that we should be acted upon more powerfully by error and delusion, than by a reasonable prospect of direct and tangible benefit to ourselves and others?

'SIR THOMAS MORE.

'Say rather that what is spiritual affects men more than what is material; that they seek more ardently after ideal good than after palpable and perishable realities. This is honourable to your nature: and no man will ever be ranked among the great benefactors of his species unless he feels and understands this truth and acts upon it. Upon this ground it is that the moral Archimedes must take his stand. We must take wider views of the subject. For the present I leave you to your young companions, who are waiting yonder with expectation in their looks.'—Vol. i. pp. 132—145.

PICTURE DEALING.

A Catalogue Raisonné of the Works of the most eminent Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters, in which is included a short Biographical Notice of the Artists, with a copious Description of their principal Pictures, and a Statement of the Prices at which such Pictures have been sold, &c. &c. By John Smith, Dealer in Pictures, late of Great Marlborough-street. Part I., 1 vol., large 8vo., pp. 412. Smith and Son. London, 1829.

Observations on the Arts, with Tables of the principal Painters of the various Italian, Spanish, French, Flemish, Dutch, and German Schools; their Scholars and Imitators, with Lives of the most celebrated Painters of those Schools. By T. Winstanley. 12mo., pp. 132. Jennings. London, 1829.

'Whereby, my little friends, we see,
That an original may sometimes be
No better than its fac-simile;
A useful truth, I trow,
Which picture-buyers won't believe,
But which picture-dealers know.'

Southey's Pilgrimage to Compostella.

Of all the victims of knavery, the last, and the least, to be pitied are collectors of objects of virtù, on whom counterfeit works have been palmed for originals. In the first place, if they have been deceived by the excellence of the copy into a persuasion of its originality, they are not greatly sufferers: the injury they have sustained is more in imagination than in reality. As long, at any rate, as they remain under the happy delusion, they are in possession of a full and fair equivalent to the object sought for; and, even after the film which may have obscured their vision has been removed, they must continue for a time, at least, in a state much resembling that in which persons born blind find themselves when restored to the blessing of sight: they are unable to distinguish between one object and another. As, in the latter case, it is clear that the happiness of a person who begins thus late to exercise the faculty of seeing, could not be materially affected, if, for the rest of his life, he were to call a horse an ox, and, *vice versa*, an ox a horse, provided he continue to enjoy the paces of the easy-going animal in his airings, and be served at table with slices from the tender sirloin of the rougher galloper; so, no more need it interfere with the repose of the real lover of the art of painting, that to what he formerly denominated a Raphael he must henceforth give the name of a Del Sarto. The quality of the picture itself, its capability of affording intellectual gratification, is not in the least affected by this change of appellation; and, if the work ever deserved admiration, it will continue to do so still.

'If,' says Richardson, 'it is doubtful whether a picture or a drawing is a copy or an original, it is of little consequence which it is; and more or less in proportion as it is doubtful. If the case be exceeding difficult, or impossible to be determined, 'tis no matter whether it be determined or not. The picture, supposing it to be a copy, must be in a manner as good as the original; and, supposing that to be one of the best of the master, 'tis the greater curiosity that he could be so well imitated.' A case very much in point is the anecdote recorded of a copy of Raphael's celebrated portrait of Leo X. That picture was copied by Andrea del Sarto, for the Duke of Mantua, by order of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and was imitated with such consummate skill, and the copy was in every respect so excellent a painting, that it deceived Giulio Romano himself, the favourite disciple of Raphael, and the one among all the pupils of that great master whom he most frequently employed in working upon and copying his drawings. While Giulio was engaged in his great works at Mantua, Andrea paid a visit to that city, and the two artists went together over the ducal gallery. As was natural, they tarried before the exquisite portrait of the celebrated Pope, painted, it was supposed, by the illustrious master of one of them. Giulio was at home, and, of course, was the Cicerone on the occasion. He performed his office *secundum artem*; he drew the attention of his companion

to the superb performance, enthusiastically pointed out its excellences, descanted most learnedly on its merits, distinguished the traits remaining of his own pencil, and when at length his brother artist, after indulging for some time in the amusement and gratification afforded by an error so flattering to himself, advertised him of the real truth, he would not be persuaded that the picture before them was a copy, until Andrea, by a particular sign, proved that the work was not that executed by Raphael. Now, if to possess a beautiful work of art, or a finely painted portrait of the illustrious John de' Medici, were the object which the Duke of Mantua had in view when he made the request which led to the employment of Del Sarto in imitating Raphael's picture, it is clear that the copy must have answered his purpose as well as the original could have done. It may be allowed, however, that if the application was made from the desire to have some work or other of the hand of 'the divine artist,' such a wish could only be satisfied by the original; but this would have been a wish not wholly inspired by a love of art.

This anecdote leads us to reflect on the motives by which amateur purchasers of pictures are commonly actuated, and which the author of the smaller of the two works of which the titles are placed at the head of this article, considers to be taste and caprice. To these we should be inclined to add a third, viz., ostentation. To the class of persons who are guided by taste, it can import but little, as we have already endeavoured to show, whether a work be rightly named or otherwise, whether it be a copy or an original: excellence in the one or the other is what they seek, and, finding that quality, they are satisfied. To the man who buys pictures from ostentation, it is of equally trifling consequence whether the acquisition he makes be that of an original or a counterfeit; but, if it be the latter, it is of infinite importance to his peace and self-complacency that he be by no means undeceived. In this case stood Richardson's 'very honest gentleman,' as he seems to have been himself aware. 'Some years since,' says the author of the 'Treatise on Painting,' 'a very honest gentleman (a rough man) came to me, and, amongst other discourse, with abundance of civility, invited me to his house. I have (says he) a picture of Rubens, 'tis a rare good one; Mr. — was 't'other day to see it, and says it is a copy, G—d d—n him; if any one says that picture is a copy, by G—d, I'll break his head; pray Mr. Richardson will you do me the favour to come and give me your opinion of it?' It may well be asked, what business has such a discriminating 'honest gentleman' as this with a painting? We could find it in our hearts to applaud the broker who, on being applied to procure pictures for such and other like numskulls, should put them off with forgeries as the only works of art they are worthy of possessing.

We may repeat then, that in our opinion little sympathy is to be felt in the complaints of picture-fanciers who have suffered by the impositions of 'picture-jockeys.' Persons who really understand in what the beauties of the art consist, will not, cannot be materially deceived, and such only deserve to possess real gems. In such as do not understand and feel the excellences of art, what is the motive for making collections of paintings but mere affectation? What, in fact, is your ignorant picture-fancier, in most instances, but a fop and a pretender? He sails under false colours—himself a deceiver, he almost deserves to be made the prey of the machinations of others more profoundly artful than himself. 'In most instances,' we say, however; for there is at any rate one exception. It is that of a young and opulent person, whose natural taste inclines him to intellectual elegancies, but who is necessarily inexperienced,—who has not yet enjoyed opportunities for that cultivation which even taste requires. The indignation is indeed excited on beholding such an one rendered by his enthusiasm the victim of the snares of the crafty picture-dealer.

To him, however, one single, simple lesson of prudence and common sense will suffice, if he be worth the trouble of saving. Let him not trust to the representations of others, and still less let him feel confident in the virtue of innate taste; but let him defer making acquisitions until his judgment be formed by observation and study, and until experience have taught him what the world possesses of works of real value. The proper, indeed the only effectual mode of arriving at this degree of cultivation of the taste is, by actual observation of the most excellent works, assisted by the study of books which treat of the principles of the art. The person who has gone through a due course of this kind with attention, and a sincere desire to form a sound taste, might safely trust to his own opinion in the choice of productions of art, and protect himself effectually from the chicanery of picture-dealers. That collectors of articles of virtù are not in general thus qualified to decide and select for themselves, is to be ascribed to their negligence or their want of real taste. More than one instance might be named of a collector of paintings of noble birth, whose knowledge even of the niceties of the art would surpass that of the most proficient dealers. The latter, however, are a wily race, and it is well to be perfectly conversant with their tricks, and on guard against their manœuvres; the more so as they have at all times much in their power on the score of the consideration to be given for a desired acquisition, however independent the purchaser may be of them in other respects. It is with this view of the subject, that we direct the attention of such of our readers as take an interest in the arts, to the two works which now lie on our table and have suggested the foregoing observations. The authors are gentlemen who have made the purchase and sale of pictures their profession: the reputation of both, for integrity and honest dealing, is above reproach; and the books with which they have favoured us, prove them to be actuated by that true and honourable commercial principle which prefers negotiating with a person who understands the nature and value of the object of treaty to dealing with one who is ignorant, and whom they have the power, if they possessed the desire, to deceive. They are aware, however, that this principle is by no means that followed by the community of their brethren, whose practices they make no scruple of denouncing. The disclosures they hazard are as amusing as they are instructive. Mr. Winstanley draws the following rather indulgent character of picture-dealers:

'They are at present a numerous community, greatly varied in the shades of their individual character, and may be compared with all the different grades of respectability that exist between the opulent merchant and Jew pedlar. I know several whose character for honest and upright intercourse with the world stands eminently high; and when I see the noble and wealthy ones of our country in familiar and confidential intercourse with them, my good opinion of them is confirmed; and I feel that I can rely upon their integrity as much as I can on that of any merchant or trader in the Empire. I also, as a lover of the Arts, feel myself indebted to their enterprise and spirit, which have, under circumstances of no ordinary difficulty, brought into our country the pictorial riches of Italy, of Spain, and of every part of civilized Europe. Let the most brilliant Collections of this country be stripped of those works of Art which have been placed there through the spirit and judgment of Picture Dealers, and it would be seen how far those Collections, thus "shorn of their beams," had a claim to the character which their possessors boast of. The Admirers of Art owe a debt of gratitude which I am proud to have an opportunity to acknowledge, to the eminent Dealers who brought into this country the riches which now adorn the princely Collections of the Marquis of Stafford, of Lord Grosvenor, of the Right Hon. Robert Peel, and many others, who have thus contributed to the elevation of this country to a high rank in the scale of nations, by their liberal and exalted patronage and protection of the Arts. The Dealers who move in a lower sphere are of as many different degrees in taste and judgment, and of integrity, as there are degrees of difference in the excellence and value of the works they deal in. They

look upon the Arts as a business only, nor can their benign influence affect these traffickers more than as relates to pounds, shillings and pence. With such men, a Collector must cautiously use his own judgment and experience, and it may be found difficult to establish a confidence with them. Yet I am well convinced that when such a confidence is placed in one of these men, he, as well as his more opulent fellow-trafficker, will rarely betray his trust. There are no doubt many individuals in this trade, like every other, who are unworthy of confidence; but I am induced to hope they are but few. Much also of what is attributed to the want of honesty in Picture Dealers, may be fairly attributed to their want of knowledge. I feel very often surprised when I reflect on what has been done and said both by myself and others respecting Pictures, from ignorance. It is a fruitful source of error; and when the intellectual qualifications and state of the understanding of some men who practise the calling of "Picture Dealers" are considered, it is not to be wondered at that both they and those who deal with them, suffer from the effects of ignorance as well as dishonesty. There is another source from which springs much of the chicanery and trick attributed to picture dealing—it is the consequence of gentlemen Collectors turning traffickers in Pictures. I have frequently found men professing to be Amateurs of the Arts, and who collect Pictures, endeavouring to over-reach a Dealer, by making deceptive, and to themselves, advantageous, terms of exchange, and by over-rating the price and value of their own Pictures, fancying that they improve their bargains to the prejudice of the Dealer. When men of opulence condescend to such transactions, they deserve to be the victims of a conduct of which they set the example, and to suffer by transactions in which they thus participate.—Pp. 41—43.

Mr. Smith is less lenient towards the tricks practised by the lower class of persons who profess the same calling as himself, than Mr. Winstanley; probably because he has had more experience of their knavish proceedings: and he exposes the manoeuvres they are in the habit of resorting to for the purposes of deception more in detail. The following evidence is worthy of a report in a House of Commons Committee:

"In exhibiting the various deceptions and manoeuvres of designing dealers, it will be proper to commence with that which is most common, namely, placing the name of a first-rate master upon a picture by an imitator, or on a copy which is frequently disguised by dirt or varnish, &c.; but a copy, if modern, may be easily detected by its newness, as on being pressed by the nail the colour will be found to be still soft. These fabricators disguise a copy by dirt and varnish, using especial care to have it painted on an old canvas or panel, to which seals and other documents are attached at the back, so that unguarded purchasers are often deceived by apparently the most authentic evidences of originality. Amateurs are frequently invited to look at cases of pictures, which are said to be just arrived from the continent. This imitation is accompanied by a plausible history of the collection from whence they are said to be derived, perhaps that of some "ancient family in Italy or Holland." These assurances are occasionally strengthened by invoices, letters, and other corroborative documents. . . .

"Another scheme is to place pictures in an auction, and to run them up to large sums, in order to give them a fictitious value, with the hope of entrapping some unwary bidder; should this fail, the picture is afterwards put up at some other auction, with an observation that it was formerly sold for the sum at which it had been knocked down at a previous sale, and the sacrifice of half or two-thirds of that apparent purchase money, is perhaps an inducement to an unsuspecting spectator to become the unfortunate buyer.

"Another plan, very extensively practised by certain dealers, and by which one or two apparently knowing ones have been duped, as well as less cautious gentlemen, who do not buy with a view to profit, is the placing of old, or purposely dirtied, pictures at brokers, or old clothes and other shops, where the vendors appear to know nothing whatever about them; but they tell some simple story of having bought them "at an old mansion in the country," or of "an antiquated lady, in whose family they are said to have been for the last two centuries."

The following paragraph exposes a system of cheating, and of evading the laws of the land, more villainous than any of those above-mentioned. Its parallel in effrontery and extortion

could hardly be furnished by the whole annals of roguery. But for the perusal of Mr. Smith's book, we might have continued, to the end of our lives, to consider the 'Avare' of the immortal Molière a highly coloured picture rather than a portraiture of real life:

"Before closing this unpleasant subject, it may not be considered altogether inappropriate to glance at a system of dealing in which a certain class of pictures is found to be a most convenient medium, on account of their indefinite value: the writer alludes to the traffic of bill discounting, and the purchase of *post obits*. The necessitous applicants to these unmerciful and ruinous accommodators are usually compelled to take a third, and sometimes one half, the amount of their bonds or bills in pictures, which, of course, are ascribed to the best masters, and valued accordingly at enormous prices. By this nefarious practice, some have enriched themselves, and are now living in affluence. An instance of this sort of dealing occurred very lately, in which a collection of pictures, valued to the needy gentleman at 5000*l.*, did not net, at auction, 500*l.*!"

4500*l.* extra procuration fee! A noble one truly! Such forced connoisseurship who shall counsel? Henceforth, we think, we must relent from our indifference to the lamentations of the victims of picture-jockeys.

A word or two, before we quit this subject, on the nature of the two books now under our consideration. Mr. Winstanley's, which we believe was prior in point of publication, is a small volume of 132 pages, duodecimo, and is well calculated to serve for a manual. Its contents may be summed up in a few lines, by giving the titles of its chapters, which are equally concise, judicious, and instructive. The following is a list of them: "On the state of the arts in England as regards the works of Foreign Painters." "On purchasing Paintings." "On the means of acquiring the necessary knowledge of the works of Painters." "On copies." "On damaged pictures, and attempts at cleaning." "On the value of pictures, and on picture dealing." "On the Dutch and Flemish Schools." "On the German Schools." "On the French School." "On the Italian School." These are accompanied by tables of the principal painters of the various schools and their imitators, arranged alphabetically, and by lists separately formed according to the subjects which the respective artists were in the habit of treating. The advantage of this distinct classification according to subject, is too obvious to need to be pointed out. The date of the period at which each artist flourished is set opposite to his name.

Mr. Smith's work is of a different and more elaborate kind. The introduction, from which the extracts already given have been taken, occupies only a few pages, and treats principally of the subject of picture-dealing. The rest of the volume is the commencement of a catalogue raisonné, (which the author, if he receive sufficient encouragement, proposes to carry through four more volumes) of the works of Dutch, Flemish, and French Painters. The artists whose works form the subject of the first volume, are Gerard Dow, Peter Van Slingelandt, (the limner who occupied three years in painting the portraits of the family Meeran, and who worked a whole month at a lace frill,) Francis and William Van Mieris, Adrian Ostade, Isaac Ostade, and Philip Wouvermans. Short but interesting biographical sketches of each artist are prefixed to the account of his works. We extract the first description in the book, not only as a specimen of the manner in which the catalogue is *raisonné*, but as an amusing sample in respect to *subject* of that style of painting, to which English taste gives so decided and obstinate a preference. The description is one of the principal pictures of Gerard Dow:

"I. Interior of a room with a ground ceiling and arched windows. An interesting old woman, habited in the costume of the time, stands in front, occupied in scraping carrots upon the top of a cask; at her right

is a boy with a mouse-trap in his hand, which he is holding up to the light of a large window, in order to see the little prisoner. This object appears to have drawn him from his studies, as he still holds a palette of colours in his hand. On the opposite side (or left of the picture) is a hen-coop with a bright brass can and a red cabbage on it, over which are a dead cock and some partridges and other objects hanging against the wall, and upon a shelf still higher, are some jugs and plates; various other objects are distributed about the room, and at the further end is seen an old man reading by candle-light. This is in every respect an admirable picture, both in composition and exquisite finish, and has, besides, the advantage of clearness throughout, it being illumined by two large windows."

The history of each painting is traced through the different collections into which it has passed, in the following manner:

"Collection of M. Jan Van Orvielle, Amsterdam, 1705, 1100 florins, 99*l.*; — of M. A. Bout, 1793, 2605 florins, 186*l.*; — of the Widow Reuver Arnst, 1736; when it was sold, with the entire collection, to the Prince of Hesse, for 40,000 florins. From the latter gallery it was transferred, with many other fine pictures, by the chances of war, into the collection of Josephine, at Malmaison, at the distribution of which collection it was purchased by the present proprietor, M. Valdow, at Paris, and is now worth 1200 guineas."

We beg leave to protest against the conclusion, from the manner in which we have introduced this description, that we are insensible to the merits of Gerard Dow. We have often dwelt on his exquisite works with true, but not exclusive, delight; and it is a satisfaction to us to find that Mr. Smith, whose elegant volume has inspired us with a sentiment of respect towards his person and character, although as a picture-dealer he has been obliged to cater for the public taste, and has been led to make the low school of art the object of his consideration and research, is far from being a *sinker* by nature, and insensible to the higher claims of the more elevated style of art. To prove this in his favour, we conclude our extracts and our article with the following significant passage from his introduction:

"Historic painting is acknowledged to be the highest and noblest branch of the art: yet the difficulties opposed to its attainment appear to be too often overlooked, or not sufficiently understood; but it should be known, that the half of life is required to prepare the painter with the necessary knowledge and material, during which long period the artist must toil day and night, silently, and, it may be, totally unknown. Should he reflect during his arduous studies upon his future prospects, as to what are the rewards and honours that await him, and what are his hopes and support beyond the casual and uncertain orders of private individuals, — sources of support much too feeble and uncertain to keep alive the necessary energies of mind, and do justice to the merits of a first-rate historical painter. And what are the honours that await him? Perhaps an academical wreath; a poor encouragement to struggling genius, when the same reward may be obtained by the production of a few good portraits, and the suffrages of R. A.'s, too often acquired by obsequious solicitations. Let the munificent encouragement of the French Government be kept in mind; the rewards and honours it has bestowed upon artists in this branch, from the time of Louis XIII. to the present day, and more particularly under the reign of Napoleon, who well knew the value of great painters, as being one of the most effectual means of immortalising himself and his epoch."

THE VISION OF NOUREDDIN.

The Vision of Nouredin, and other Poems. By Sforza. Post 8vo., pp. 192. Hurst, Chance, and Co. London, 1829.

THE author of these poems is apparently a man of considerable fancy and cleverness; and we regret, therefore, that, not daring to be original, he should have chosen the very worst models from which it is possible for a man to copy. We are not anxious to agitate again the question which has been so many times discussed in our pages, whether Lord Byron or Mr. Moore are poets of the highest order; but it is an acknowledgment which we claim as much from their vehement admirers, as from those who agree in

our somewhat more moderate estimate of them, that it is impossible, in the whole hemisphere of poetry, to fix upon two stars whose light will be less brilliant when it is communicated to any surrounding satellites. To whatever cause this may be owing,—to their mighty genius, which defies imitation, or to the essentially unnatural quality of their style, which made it a monopoly in the hands of those who had first the skill to devise it,—such is the fact, ascertained beyond all doubt, by a thousand courageous experiments, and as many unfortunate failures.

Moreover, it is generally the fault of those imitators, that they draw indifferently from either of these two models; which, though both, in our opinion, decidedly faulty, are yet quite different in the quality of their offences. It was said of Milton, that the English language sunk under him, because he imparted to it a strength and coherency which his commentator did not understand. An admirer of Byron may be disposed to catch at the strange compliment which Milton did not want, and to maintain that the English language was insufficient also for him, seeing that he entirely discarded it from his compositions. The dialect which he substituted in its room, was, we must own, far better contrived to express his thoughts, for it is broken, incoherent, lawless,—a stream, not running onward with any steady deep current, but grating harshly against small pebbles which the foam that covers it prevents from being visible at the surface. Mr. Moore, on the other hand, is a very great master of English, the lower or conversational English; and that language, vastly superior for poetry to the language of almost any other country, and inferior only to the English of our old dramatists, and of one or two modern poets, he might have taught with infinite advantage to our young verse writers, and have been really a benefactor in his generation. But, afraid of enclosing his thoughts in such a very transparent case, through which, if they were faulty, their weakness must be at once discerned, he determined to change the nature of the entertainment altogether, and, instead of inviting his readers to look through the glass, to make them look at it,—for which purpose he painted it over with all the grotesque figures that a perverse Egyptian wit ever devised. Now the imitators blend both these strange poeticising schemes. They take, as a ground-work, Byron's knotty and opaque language, and upon this paint Moore's quaint devices: but this plan does not answer, the colours run; and, if there was much confusion in the original, there is not a distinct line in the copies.

We shall say no more of 'Noureddin and other poems,' than that we think they illustrate the opinions we have just expressed, and that, nevertheless, we believe the author to be a man of considerable talent. Nearly every young Englishman has a period of Mooreism and Byronism; but various circumstances, such as the want of solitude or the want of association with higher minds, or, worst of all, the habit of writing verse, and the praise he receives in exchange for it, may keep him there beyond the natural time. But still his mind is not to be judged by its exercises while in the cave of the sorcerers. He may yet be disenchanted, and become as sincere and natural as he is now (unconsciously) artificial and affected. That this consummation may speedily happen to Sforza, is our earnest wish for him; in the mean time, we commend the following extracts to our readers, begging them to take our critical word for it, that, with all their faults, they do indicate powers worthy of a cultivation which they have never enjoyed:

'The Nymphs upon the banks are dancing
Of the placid, speckless lake,
And now in festive groups advancing,
For the groves its shores forsake:
But who is he that keeps so near
Young Amadis, that cheerful maiden?
Noureddin 'tis—what doth he here?
Does he not see the day-light fading—

Does he not hear the anthem stealing
In a slow and holy strain?
Thinks he not of the minstrel kneeling?
He does, he does, but all in vain—
And who is she the Rhoda name?
Does he not know her gentle frame?
Oh what could tempt him to prefer
The lightsome Amadis to her?
But where's Rosalba? many an eve
Hath passed since that he should have met her,
Yet those who taught him to deceive,
Have not allured him to forget her;
Though gentle lips and radiant eyes
Sweet tones and looks of kindness bring him,
They cannot check the rising sighs,
Nor quell the inward griefs that sting him.
How gladly would he then have fled
To the appointed spot of meeting,
But vainly had he thither sped,
For no one stayed to give him greeting;—
Too oft in hope's reviving hour,
Already had he there resorted,
To feel despair with deeper power,
And thence return more desert-hearted.
But yet he could not wholly keep
Away, for some seducing power,
Preserving hope from utter sleep,
Still cheered him at the evening hour;—
That hour at length was come again
And he upon his search was gone,
Lamenting, as he wandered on,
How oft that search had been in vain.
The well-known grove was now in view,
And softened by that hallowed hue
Which the sun's glareless light imprints,
In pensive rays and fading tints,
Gave to his breast a holy glow
Too soothing to betoken woe.

'The lute Rosalba there had left
Was hanging in her jasmine bower,
Yet, though of her sweet touch bereft,
Had lost not its enchanting power,
But plaintively kept throbbing on,
So soft, that as they streamed along,
Its sounds, at that faint whispering hour,
Seemed like the wings of angels flying.
At intervals, about the air,—
Or voice of one from heaven sighing
For errors that had lost him there;—
But hush! Noureddin sweeps its strings,
Sad as the lay he sweetly sings.
The evening primrose has oped its leaf,
And the breeze seems whispering tales of grief,
As it goes thro' the air with a mournful plaint:
I know why sadness haunts this spot,
Rosalba hither cometh not.

'Float on, ye zephyrs, and tell her how
I linger here in music and sorrow,
In the grove of lutes, where I keep my vow
From dying day till dawning morrow.
Oh! hear me, though she hears me not,
And bid her seek the appointed spot.

'Tell her with tears these eyes are wet—
Say with what pangs this heart is aching—
That heart, which, she knows, adores her yet,
And the fonder burns as 'tis nearer breaking.
Oh! love me still, or love me not;
Rosalba, fly to this desert spot.

'He ceased: a figure flitted by,
When turning on a sudden round,
Kneeling before him on the ground,
The form of Rhoda met his eye.
And who is Rhoda, that she now
Should be so near Noureddin's side?
What makes her thus before him bow,
Can aught that she asks be denied?

'"Rhoda!" impatiently he cried,
"If thou hast tracked my footsteps here,
Whether or not with love sincere,
To try the magic of thy art
In aught that can seduce this heart,
Thy hopes are vain, thou may'st depart!"

'"Tis as I feared," the maiden sighed,
Leaving the spot where she had knelt,—
"Tis as I feared, I am denied,
But still my heart would less have felt
If there had been some softness thrown
Into thy all-refusing tone—
Language by which the heart is broken,
At least in pity might be spoken.

Perchance, had Amadis been nigh,
A kinder beam had lit thine eye;
No matter, I have learnt to brook
Ere this, the sternness of a look;
Sorrow and I too oft have met
For me to feel much new regret.
Ne'er did I cast a kindly eye
On any being that I loved,
That did not always frown or fly,
As if my look were disapproved:
Ne'er did I feel affection's glow,
But just as it appeared returned,
Another came to overthrow
The passion that for me had burned.
Ne'er did my features wear a smile,
Ne'er did my bosom heave a sigh,
But some one always seemed the while
To mock them as they flitted by—
As if it were my fate to be
Ne'er blest with others' sympathy.
But go, Noureddin! join the throng
Of those who will not feel for me:
Nay, look not so, I know ere long
I shall but be despised by thee.
It is my doom to suffer so:
I feel that I must live apart:
There's none will e'er consent to know
The fondness of poor Rhoda's heart."
"Rhoda!" Noureddin wildly sobbed,
"Madden no more this burning brow,
Ne'er have before these heart-strings throbb'd
With such contending pangs as now!
Call me the demon that I seem,
Think me unfeeling as thou wilt,
Curse me with hate's most deep extreme;
For, strange as thou this truth may deem,
It only lures my soul to guilt
To hear thy gentle voice complain
In such a sad and tender strain.
There's one to whom my vows are plighted,
Too long already hath been slighted,
Whose voice and form resemble thine
So much that, could ye both be mine,
Around ye both my arm should twine.
Yes, there is one—nay do not start,
It is not Amadis, I swear,
Though one whose image from my heart
Hath Amadis oft strove to tear.
But thou whose melting accents creep
Like poisonous sweetness through my veins,
Hast lulled my memory to sleep,
And loosened so my bosom's chains,
That, were Rosalba here to stray
All beautiful as first she shone,
I could not turn my eyes away
To gaze on her, till thou wert gone.
Oh that I could, with neither loth,
Give this divided heart to both!"
"Be it so, then," the maiden cried.
"Now let thy heart resume its place,
Both are already at thy side,
Approach, and in these features trace
Thine own long sought Rosalba's face!"
Noureddin nearer to her came—
Rosalba—Rhoda—were the same!
"But scarcely had her lips met his,
Smiling in transport at her scheme,
When in an ecstasy of bliss
He woke—Bliss ever is a dream!"

The Garden of Silence.

'EVENING was dying, but seem'd loth to die;
Beams of the lingering sun, still shining on,
Languid and lulling as love's parting glance,
Shed light upon the beauty of the scene:
For all was beautiful, as all was still;
The breeze had sigh'd and faint'd, and the leaves
Lay on the air in placid, sleek repose,
Smooth as a silken eyelash when asleep!
From verdant slopes, in ambient decline,
Came foamless waters gradually down,
Stealing without a murmur, soft and slow,
As tears down beauty's cheek, but pure and bright
As virtue's smiles, meandering o'er stones
Worn white as ivory by their kiss, until
The vales beneath shone surfaced with their flow
In streaks of liquid silver; whilst, from out
Founts in which angels might have bathed their lips,
Gushed falls of fragrant fluid, sparkling so,
And gliding down so mutely, that they seem'd
More like the melting of those lucent gems
Of which their vase was modelled, than the rich
Effusion of its waters.

'Here and there,
Mid groves of cypresses and olive trees,
The rose and lily were together twined,
Like lovers in each other's arms, as if
Beneath the shade they had embraced to die:
The sun-flower, gazing on his god so long,
Drooped down his head abashed, and gazed no more;
The primrose, that at eve expands its leaf,
Was loth to waken, and remained unopened;—
All, all was motionless, the trees, the flowers,
In deep serenity of sleep; but yet
So delicately, sensitively tranced,
A fairy's tongue had almost feared to speak,
Lest it should shake the foliage from their boughs,
Or breathe the blossoms from their stems:—a hymn,
A kiss from holy lips—the Muezzin's strain
From Mecca's wall—the sigh of penitence—
The nightingale's sweet note—the lute's soft sound—
Even the voice of love had been untimely
In that all-slumbering hour!

TALES OF A PHYSICIAN.

Tales of a Physician. By W. H. Harrison. 12mo., pp. 248. Jennings. London, 1829.

THERE is no class of society which, of late years, has made more valuable contributions to literature, than our provincial physicians. The text of their works has been, for the most part, some professional theory or observation, but they have generally contrived to illustrate remarks which proved a general knowledge at least as extensive as falls to the lot of most professed litterateurs and men of science. Those who are acquainted with society in the great towns of England, well know that the favourable estimate which we form of them from their publications is not at all abated by personal intercourse. They furnish, we will say it boldly, almost the only specimens of the professional character which we can regard without disgust. They are free from the pedantry and *esprit du corps* of their own class in the metropolis; from the insolent ignorance and grossness of conversation which distinguish a large proportion of the gentlemen of the bar; from the *petit maître* pretension, or solemn dullness, which, alas the day! is too sadly characteristic of the body which once reckoned South and Butler among its members. They correspond more nearly than any other men to the curates in the novels of the last century—a class which, owing to the greater estrangement of the clergy in general from their flocks, and the assimilation of manners between those who still reside with them to those of ordinary guests, has ceased to exist. With a little dash of stiffness, just enough to be in harmony with their powder, and to preserve them a distinct caste, the provincial physicians constitute by far the most enlightened and enlightening men whom it is possible to encounter any where out of the metropolis, or, except rarely, in it.

That those who have given such proofs of the extent of their extensive acquirements and superiority of mind should not now and then have favoured us with the result of that experience of human nature which they must have gleaned during their visits to patients in such a variety of mental and bodily temperaments,—may well be regarded as a misfortune. A few, probably, have been deterred by extreme delicacy of feeling; a few, by a somewhat rigorous notion that their professional duties ought to leave them no time for such observations; and a few, from being materialists, and therefore incapable of perceiving any thing which was not the result of physical causes. But, as none of these restraints can operate upon the majority of this amiable and educated class, we trust they will soon add to our reasons of gratitude to them, that of having made us better acquainted with the habits and feelings of our fellow-men. The present volume is a fair beginning in this line, if it be really from the pen of a physician, and we welcome it with pleasure. The stories are not very striking in point of incident, but they are told in a pleasant style, and with great feeling. One of them, 'The Gossip,'

from which we shall make an extract, contains a striking account of the visits of Mr. Everton, the exemplary rector of the parish in which our physician resided, to a poor girl of the town who had come back to her native village to die; these visits, which had produced the most happy effects upon the feelings of the girl, gave rise to the following dialogue between two of his parishioners and a bustling, virtuous, church-going, heartless scandal-monger, called Mrs. Crowfoot:

'A Lady.—Well, Mrs. Crowfoot, what news have you for us? is there any thing stirring abroad this morning?

'Mrs. C.—News, indeed! what novelty is likely to find its way to a dull village like ours, and to me, of all others of its inhabitants, who trouble myself so little with matters which do not concern me?

'Miss M.—True, Mrs. Crowfoot, your domestic concerns, if properly attended to, as doubtless they are, must pretty fully occupy your time, and leave you little to throw away upon the affairs of others.

'Mrs. C.—By the by, Miss Meadowcroft, I have seen your servant walking about very frequently with a gay-looking fellow of a sailor.

'Miss M.—Poor girl! I don't wonder at it; she must find the house of an old maid dull enough, and I cannot blame her for picking up a beau if she can. I can only say that the maid is more fortunate than her mistress has ever been.

'Mrs. C.—But this man is a loose character, I am quite persuaded: I saw him with her but an hour ago, at the coach-office, and the fellow took her round the neck as familiarly as possible, and kissed her previously to his getting on the mail.

'Miss M.—Happy girl! how I envy her!

'Mrs. C.—Nay, madam, if you choose to wink at such gross improprieties on the part of your servant, I have certainly nothing to do with it; but I thought it proper that you should be informed of it.

'Miss M.—For which I am infinitely indebted to you, madam: but unless the "impropriety code" has been very recently amended by the Imperial House of Petticoats, I apprehend that a brother kissing his sister is no offence in law; for precisely in that relation do the sailor and my poor Patty stand to each other.

'A Lady.—So our rector's lady has presented him with a son?

'Mrs. C.—Ah, poor woman!

'A Lady.—Why, what is the matter? she is doing well, I hope.

'Mrs. C.—For aught I know to the contrary, she is

'Miss M.—Then, whence your pity, Mrs. Crowfoot?

'Mrs. C.—Poor woman!

'Miss M.—Poor, indeed! Now I think she is about the wealthiest woman I know of; she is rich in beauty, rich in graces, christian, moral, and personal; rich in health, a very monopolizer of the love of all around her; and, finally, rich in one of the kindest, most benevolent, and talented husbands in the world.

'Mrs. C.—Talented he is, no doubt; at least, so people say; but I am no judge in such matters.

'Miss M.—The breath of calumny has never rested upon his character either as a Christian or a man.

'Mrs. C.—Ah, madam! we are all frail mortals a the best.

'Miss M.—The maxim, coming from a lady of your experience, madam, cannot be doubted for a moment.

'Mrs. C.—A Christian minister too! Oh! I have heard a story of him that has made my heart ache.

'A Lady.—'Tis said, that, to unburden our bosoms of the cause of a heartache, is one remedy for its affliction.

'Miss M.—A consolation which will not be wanting to Mrs. Crowfoot upon the present occasion.

'Mrs. C.—I would not for the world that what I am about to mention should be repeated; but you must of you remember that impudent hussy, Hannah Clover, who thought so much of a pretty face that brought her to ruin. Well, do you know, she has had the assurance to return to her native place, and is actually residing, under a feigned name, in the Dark House?

'Miss M.—Poor deluded girl! I do well remember her, and my heart bled for her at the time. Her mother died, and her father, who had been educated as a gentleman, with ideas of expense above his means, became involved in difficulties. Some say he was hardly used; so, to avoid a prison, he fled to a foreign land, and left poor Hannah virtually an orphan, upon the

wide world, without a friend to help her. But what has this to do with our worthy pastor? You do not mean to say that he led her astray, do you?

'Mrs. C.—No, but I mean to say, that, several times since her return to the village, Mr. Everton has been seen entering that house, where no person who had a character to lose would venture. His horse has been seen tied to the door-post for hours together. What think you of that, madam?

'Miss M.—Think! why that it was ten chances to one the poor horse caught cold.

'Mrs. C.—It may be well for you to jest upon the matter, but I assure you it is a fact.

'Miss M.—May I presume to inquire what evidence you have of it?

'Mrs. C.—I had it, madam, be assured, from good authority.

'Miss M.—Then I must crave leave to doubt; for that same "good authority," to my certain knowledge, is a common liar.

'Mrs. C.—Well then, madam, if I must speak out, I have had the evidence of my own senses, I followed him down the lane in which the house is situated.

'Miss M.—I am heartily rejoiced to find that you tread so closely on the steps of your minister.

'Mrs. C.—Nay, but I saw him enter the door with my own eyes.

'Miss M.—Then, madam, I devoutly wish that your own eyes had followed him into the house; for, if they had, I am persuaded we should have heard little or nothing from you upon the subject.

'Mrs. C.—I follow him into such an abode of vice and iniquity! Upon my word, madam, you appear to have an exalted opinion of me.

'Miss M.—Why, upon your own showing, you were at the door; and there is an ugly proverb against those who venture on the threshold of vice.

'Mrs. C.—But let me ask you, madam, what motive but one, and that an evil one, could Mr. Everton have in visiting a girl of so notoriously abandoned a character?

'Miss M.—I grant you, that he could have had but one evil motive, but he might have had many good ones; of which, I presume, I have your permission to choose any, or all; and, yielding to you the undisputed possession of the bad one, I wish you a good morning. One word, however, before we part. This is not the first nor the second company in which you have sported versions of this story, with the benefit of your charitable inference. I warn you against a further repetition of it. Whatever purpose led Mr. Everton to that poor girl's dwelling, I will stake my life it was a charitable one; and, believe me, madam, they who report it otherwise will repent it in shame and degradation.

The conclusion is equally striking in another way.

It happened, upon most occasions, that Mr. Everton visited Hannah alone, although he was more than once attended by Mr. Blandford or myself; but in one instance, unaccompanied by us, he went not alone; for a dark figure traced his steps, and glided after him unperceived into the sick one's apartment, where he retired into a recess, and the minister proceeded in his duty unobserved, as he thought, by any other eyes than those of God and the penitent.

After some conversation, in which the seriousness and sincerity of his manner were not less conspicuous than its soothing kindness, he read, as usual, to her, from the Scriptures, and then knelt by her bed-side to pray. He concluded his devotional exercise with the Lord's prayer; and the "amen," which was pronounced at its close, was echoed in a voice hoarse and dissonant, which appeared to Mr. Everton to proceed from some person in the room. He turned his head, and beheld the dark figure of Black Barnabas kneeling beside him. "Ruthless man!" said the minister, "is not the chamber of death sacred from your intrusion? Stand up, and tell me wherefore you are come." Barnabas remained kneeling, but, crossing his arms upon his breast, exclaimed, "Pardon me, in that I so lately presumed to arrest the minister of God upon his errand of peace."

"Kneel not," was the reply, "to a fellow-sinner. May God Almighty forgive thee all thy sins as freely as I have long since forgiven thine offence to me! But rise, and I will teach you how to implore His forgiveness, which alone can avail you."

"Reverend sir," said the intruder, "I will not disguise from you that my object in following you into this chamber was the gratification of a curiosity ex-

cited by your frequent, and to me mysterious, visits to this house. I have been a witness of your pious labours. Believe me, the word of God was not always strange to my ears, nor foreign to my lips; but calamity (undeserved of men, though well merited of Heaven), which should have chastened my spirit, hardened my heart, and made me what you see, an outcast of the world, and an alien from my God.

"When you commenced the Lord's prayer, recollections of other days came upon me; my heart melted, and, yielding to an impulse mysterious but irresistible, I sunk upon my knees by your side."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when the curtains were suddenly thrown aside, and Hannah, starting up in the bed, and fixing her eyes upon Barnabas, exclaimed, with a shriek, "My father! my father!" and sunk back, in a state of insensibility, upon her pillow. Barnabas rushed to the bed, and, parting the black locks which hung over his brow, he cried out, "My Hannah! my child!" and cast himself beside her. As soon as the father and daughter had recovered from the shock of this mutual recognition, Mr. Everton departed, promising to see them again on the following day.

When Mr. Everton made the promised repetition of his visit to the Dark House, he found Barnabas sitting by the side of his daughter's bed. "Sir," said he, rising, "Hannah has been telling me all that you have done for her; that you have led her out of the dark labyrinth in which sin had involved her, making peaceful her last moments, and giving her a blessed hope of everlasting rest in that world whither she feels she is hastening. In all my wanderings, the misery of remorse which I have endured has been more on her account than on my own. I felt myself a devoted being; that my ruin was certain; but I could not endure the thought of my child's perdition. She will now be taken from me, and the eye which hath not wept for many a day will shed tears upon her early grave; but they will not now be bitter tears. And all this, Sir, I owe to you, and for this I am your bounden slave."

"You owe it to God," said the clergyman; "and to Him, and not to the frail instrument of His power, give the glory."

He then approached the bed, and saw that nature, which had held out so long, was giving way at last, and, turning to her father, he said, "I should wish the physician to see your daughter; my horse is at the door, mount him, and go instantly for Dr. ****, and, if you find him not, bring Mr. Blandford." Barnabas departed on the instant. The clergyman then took the hand of the suffering girl, and inquired how she was. She replied, "Sir, I feel that I am going at last; but, blessed be God Almighty, who hath taken me out of the mire and clay, and set my feet upon a rock, the prospect of death is not a gloomy one. I am going to that blessed country, whither you have directed my way, for which you have the dying thanks of a sinful, but, I trust, not ungrateful heart. May God bless you, Sir,—nay, He will surely bless you;—may he bless the wife of your bosom, and the child of your hopes. Pray, Sir, if they come not before I go hence, convey my humble, yet deep acknowledgments to those kind gentlemen, whose attention to the diseases of my perishing frame has given me time to profit by your instructions and prayers, and to make my peace with Him whom I have so wickedly offended. One thing only presses on my spirit in the hour of its departure. Alas, my father! his life has been a wild and a fearful one! He will listen to your voice as to that of an angel from heaven. Oh, Sir! do for him what you have done for his once wretched daughter." The minister promised that his endeavours should not be wanting. "May the spirit of God," said the poor girl, "rest upon your holy labours! and then, though we have been widely separated on earth, we shall meet again in heaven. But my breath is fast fleeing, and I would that it may depart from me in prayer." Mr. Everton read some sentences from the Bible appropriate to the solemn occasion, and then prayed fervently. Poor Hannah followed him with her lips, but her voice was not heard. There was a sudden lighting up of her countenance, as she raised her head a little; and, uttering, in a low but distinct tone, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth!" fell back upon her pillow, and spoke not again. On that instant, there was a noise from without like the approach of a multitude, and, on the next, a loud thundering at the outer door of the building, accompanied by a cry from many voices of "Bring forth the hypocrite!" Mr. Everton rushed to the window in front of the house, and,

throwing up the sash, demanded the meaning of the tumult. He soon discovered, from the expressions which fell from the mob, (composed of the very dregs of the people,) that he was the object of their attack, and that his alleged offence was his frequent visits to poor Hannah. He said, "My friends, what have you ever seen in the conduct of your minister, that you should suspect him of so horrible a crime?" His voice was rendered inaudible by cries of "Unbar the door, or we will pull the house about your ears!"

There was a struggle in Everton's bosom between his natural courage, which would prompt him to resist unlawful violence, and a feeling that a christian minister should, to maintain the influence so essential to the usefulness of his character, not only be, but appear to be, virtuous; and that, therefore, something should be yielded even to the prejudices of his parishioners. He walked deliberately from the window, and throwing open the door, he exclaimed, pointing to the room of the poor penitent: "There! you would not hear the living: let the dead speak for me!" The foremost of the rabble rushed into the apartment, where they found upon the bed their minister's hat, an open Bible, and a corpse. This appeared to have wrought conviction on the majority of the multitude, for many of them slunk from the spot, as if ashamed of the disgraceful part they had acted; but there were some who still gathered about Mr. Everton, crying out, "The dead tell no tales," and were proceeding to offer violence to his person. One of them, more audacious than the rest, advanced, and laid his hand upon the collar of the clergyman, who, disengaging himself, without a blow, threw his assailant at a considerable distance from him; an action which proved the signal for a general attack. The noise, however, of the trampling of hoofs, and the immediate appearance of three horsemen, for a moment, arrested the attention of the mob. The foremost of the three dashed his horse into the crowd, and, clearing the way up to the minister, cast himself from the saddle, and, with one blow of his fist, laid in the dust a ruffian who was in the act of striking Mr. Everton; another, and another, shared a similar fate. The rabble, whose numbers were somewhat thinned by desertion, now fell back as Mr. Blandford and myself rode up to the scene of action. He who had dealt about him such effective blows now advanced to the mob, who were gathered into a body within a few yards of the house. He cast off the slouched hat, which had thrown a deeper shade upon his dark brow, and exclaimed, "What would ye with this just man? Look upon my countenance! there are many among you who cannot have forgotten me; nay, I see that ye have not. Yes; I am indeed the father of that poor girl who has been plucked from ruin by the minister of whom this day has proved ye are not worthy. You know well, that, lawless as I have been, I am not a man to wink at the dishonour of my daughter, still less to defend the partner of her shame. Hence then, to your homes, for the first of you that shall raise his hand against the innocent object of your cowardly attack, I swear shall never lift it again."

The rabble, finding that they were altogether in the wrong, and fearing the arrival of the magistracy, soon dispersed; and the minister, mounting his horse, immediately rode home, whither he arrived, providentially, before the tidings of the outrage which had been committed upon him.

The circumstance, however, was soon generally known, and was taken up with much spirit by the neighbouring gentry; and the Earl of R**** came over to the village, for the purpose of aiding in bringing the offenders to punishment, and tracing the evil report to its source, which latter object was not difficult of attainment.

Mrs. Crowfoot, to whom the circumstance of Mr. Everton's repeated visits to the Dark House had been casually mentioned, without a hint to his prejudice, and who, by her own confession, had taken the trouble on one occasion to follow him thither, had reasoned upon it after the manner of her tribe, and had published as a fact her own charitable inference on the subject. The respectable portion of those to whom the story was repeated, treated it with the contempt it deserved, and even the gossiping part of the community stood too much in awe of Mr. Everton's character to give currency to the report; but it had reached the ears of the lower classes, of whom there are, in every town or village, many who are eager to catch at the alleged delinquencies of their superiors. Hence, then, a result which had nearly proved of serious injury to Mr. Everton.

The worthy minister, however, could not be prevailed upon to take any steps against the offending

party; but such and so general was the indignation excited against the authoress of so scandalous a report, that Mrs. Crowfoot was compelled to quit the neighbourhood.

Black Barnabas, as he was called, in consideration of the active part he had taken in defending Mr. Everton from the attack of the rioters, was given to understand, that, if he were willing to abandon the lawless course of life he had hitherto pursued, his past offences against the revenue should not be remembered to his prejudice.

THE HAMILTONIAN SYSTEM.

The History, Principles, Practice, and Results of the Hamiltonian System, &c. By J. Hamilton, author of 'The Hamiltonian System.' Sowler. Manchester, 1829.

In our last number we stated what we conceived to be the ultimate object of our ancestors in fixing upon language as the basis of education in our public schools. We now proceed, according to our promise, to examine whether the same object, viz., that of forming a manly character, is professed by Mr. Hamilton and the advocates of his system.

Strange as the assertion may sound, we are convinced that there never was a time when wise men had more temptation to publish one set of doctrines for the use of the public, and to retain another for their own, than in the present day, when all men are jumping at the fruit of the tree of knowledge. While the number of the disciples continues small, and they live together in joy and singleness of heart, that philosopher is a mean secretive Ananias who will not consent to hold his thoughts in common—who will keep back any portion for his solitary indulgence. But when thousands are crowding into the ranks without any temptation but the hope of bettering themselves by sharing in the general spoil,—swine who, he knows right well, infinitely prefer their husks to his pearls,—he is not to be accused of unpardonable selfishness, if he dispenses only among the crowd the less costly part of his viands, and keeps what is most strong and nourishing for the support of that life which is fainting, and well nigh perishing, under the heat, and pressure, and suffocation. And certainly, if there be any convictions of his mind of which he is at liberty to suppress the utterance, he may most lawfully conceal from the knowledge of the society around him that which refers to projects for its own improvement. For how the world may allow the possessor of ideas in which they are not partakers to go at large, because they consider his madness of a kind which will injure nobody but himself, most assuredly the moment they discover that he is busy with plots for disturbing their quietness, that moment will they call aloud for a dark room and a straight-waistcoat. Perhaps, therefore, he is reasonable, certainly he is pardonable, who, having in an honest and true heart projected such a scheme, points not to the ultimate end, which is ever present to his own imagination, but only to some of those more direct predicate consequences which the world may be able to discern with no stronger telescope, and may strive to reach with no loftier ambition, than its own. Suppose, then, Mr. Hamilton, having strongly present to his mind the conviction that his mode of education will be the means of strengthening and forming a manly character, but knowing also that the world cares nothing for this object, cares nothing for character at all, except so far as it tends to bring a direct return of its own commodities, we should not now blame him if he had not put this substantively forward as the motive of his undertaking, but had simply announced his intention of teaching languages in the best possible mode, and had trusted for the accomplishment of his nobler end to the sure working of the principle which he had discovered and revealed. We rest nothing, therefore, upon the fact of Mr. Hamilton's mode alluded to, nor to the possibility of his system, or

any system of teaching languages, conducting mainly to this end. We admit that he may have kept his counsel upon this matter from policy; and if this exoteric reason of his system nowise wars against and renders impossible this inward conviction, we shall cheerfully embrace all the assistance he can afford us in realising it. We will endeavour to gain what light we can upon this subject from Mr. Hamilton himself. In his lecture delivered at Liverpool on the 18th of March last, we find the following passage, which has been probably laboured more than any other passage Mr. Hamilton ever uttered or wrote:

'But how does the study of Greek and Latin cause all this mischief? By the most simple process that can be conceived: by taking up all the time of the student, and consequently preventing him from reading!—reading, whose effects mankind seem to be utterly unaware of;—reading, the only real—the only effectual source of instruction;—reading, the pure spring of nine-tenths of our intellectual enjoyments,—the only cure for all our ignorances;—reading, without which no man ever yet possessed extensive information;—reading, which alone constitutes the difference between the blockhead and the man of learning;—reading, the loss of which no knowledge of Greek particles, nor the most intimate acquaintance with the rules of syntax and prosody, will ever be able to compensate;—reading, the most valuable gift of the Divinity, has been sacrificed to the acquirement of what never constituted real learning, and which constitutes it now less than ever; and to the contemptible vanity of being supposed a classical scholar, often without the shadow of a title to it. That this picture is not charged, I would appeal to the experience of almost every man capable of understanding me,—to every man whose position in society has given him an opportunity of knowing those who compose it: I would appeal to the minister of the gospel, the physician, the lawyer, the gentleman. I would entreat every parent to inquire into its truth, before it be too late to prevent its baneful effects upon his offspring.

'Reading is, then, of ten thousand fold the importance of any other science, because it is the mother of them all; and, as it must not be sacrificed to Greek or Latin, so neither should it be sacrificed to any thing else.'

Again,

'As reading is the source of all real instruction, as is self-evident to any man who reflects on the subject, so it is also the sole—the only means by which the words of a language can be acquired. It is inconceivable that those persons whose business is the instruction of others in the languages, should not have found out this obvious truth, that to speak or write a language, we must know it by heart; and that so far as we know it in this manner, so far reaches the copiousness, harmony, and variety of our style in speaking or in writing, and no farther!'

We have made these extracts, because they are the only passages in this lecture which contain any exposition of Mr. Hamilton's objects. All the rest of the paper is occupied with an exposition of his system. And now let us compare them with the views of our ancestors upon this subject. Our ancestors thought that the difference between a blockhead and a man of learning, or any other kind of sense, was, that in the one the faculties were dead and dormant, and those of the other in a state of cultivation; Mr. Hamilton affirms the difference to consist in reading. Our ancestors believed that whatever tended to give life and expression to the mind, tended to cure it of its ignorance; Mr. Hamilton says, the only cure for ignorance is reading. Our ancestors thought the mother of all the sciences was that great science which contains them all—the science of our own natures: Mr. Hamilton says, the mother of all sciences is reading. Our ancestors thought that there was between thought and language a connection so vital, that, if the one were taught, the other would be called out: Mr. Hamilton makes reading, which he considers the omnipotent instrument as well as the self-sufficient object of education, the means of teaching the words of a language; that is to say, he considers the ultimate end of teaching languages to be the inculcation into the memory of the language, not consi-

dered as connected with any thoughts. Lastly, our ancestors believed that only by receiving into our heads the spirit of the language could we hope either to turn a language to the slightest account: or, what is more important, to obtain by means of it, the faculties which shall turn it to account. Mr. Hamilton, leaving the faculties entirely out of the question, says that all the objects which he contemplates from the study will accrue to those who learn its words by heart.

YET MR. HAMILTON IS TO ACCOMPLISH THE SAME ENDS AS ARE CONTEMPLATED BY THE PRESENT SYSTEM, WITH ONLY THE DIFFERENCE, THAT MONTHS INSTEAD OF YEARS WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE ATTAINMENT OF THEM.

But then 'The Westminster Review,' in an article written expressly to prove that this system is the masterpiece of human wisdom, asserts, that nevertheless the author of it is an exceedingly stupid man; so it is probable that Mr. Hamilton may have mistaken his own end altogether, and may be working, under the guidance of some divine instinct, in the straightest direction for it. This hypothesis is at once so precise, and so characteristic of a Westminster Reviewer, that we must take time to examine it. We will do so by quoting a passage from the review, which contains, not the views of the system which are entertained by its stupid author, but by its enlightened advocate:

'1. The fundamental principle of the Hamiltonian system is peculiar to it: it is, that it is the office of the instructor to teach, and not to assign the lesson to the pupil and to order him to learn it. Without doubt every instructor, whatever kind of knowledge he undertake to communicate, at some part or other of the course, teaches to a certain extent. The distinctive character of the Hamiltonian method is, that in the beginning especially, and up to the advanced section of the course, the teacher communicates every thing to the pupil; he does not leave him for a moment, and, least of all, does he leave him for the purpose of exciting his inventive faculty; he trusts nothing to his pupil's sagacity; he even affords him no opportunity to try it; every thing is mechanical. Supposing his scholar to be ignorant of every thing relating to the subject-matter to be studied, the Hamiltonian teacher tells his pupil whatever it is requisite that he should know. The teacher gives, the pupil receives; the teacher does nothing but communicate that which he has already learnt, the pupil does nothing but learn that of which he was hitherto ignorant. Extraordinary as it may appear, this mode of instruction is absolutely new: until Mr. Hamilton pointed it out, its peculiar importance and excellence was not perceived. We do not say that no idea of it had ever occurred to any reflecting man. There are proofs on record of its having been discerned by some philosophers who have studied and analysed with success the faculties of the human mind. But what we affirm is that no one had ever before perceived it with such clearness, or appreciated it with such justice, as to make it the all-important principle, which ought to be laid down as the foundation of every mode of instruction.'

This is manly, and we thank the reviewer for it. We ask nothing more. The Hamiltonian system is wholly MECHANICAL; in other words, the object of it is not in the least degree to call forth the faculties of the pupil. Now, the whole object of our ancestors was to call forth the faculties of the pupil.

YET MR. HAMILTON IS TO ACCOMPLISH THE SAME ENDS AS ARE CONTEMPLATED BY THE PRESENT SYSTEM, WITH ONLY THE DIFFERENCE, THAT MONTHS INSTEAD OF YEARS WILL BE DEVOTED TO THE ATTAINMENT OF THEM.

Before we proceed to the last part of our article, which we reserve for another number, we must notice a delicious argument of 'The Westminster Review,' to disprove the ordinary opinion, that the mere imposition of words upon the memory does not promote the true end of education. 'The fallacy of this notion,' says the Reviewer, 'when once pointed out, is so obvious, and even so startling, that it is astonishing it should have misled any one for a

moment. The error lies in the conception that in the process of instruction, the faculties of the teacher who communicates alone are active, while those of the pupil, who receives, because he only receives, are passive; AS IF ACTIVITY OF THE INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES WERE NOT, IN THE VERY NATURE OF THINGS, ESSENTIAL TO THE RECEPTION OF A NEW IDEA.'

Let us make use of this argument to expose a notion which has hitherto been very prevalent, not in morals but in physics, we mean that when food is crammed down the throat of a child or a man, his system does not receive so much advantage from the food, as when he swallows and masticates it for himself. The fallacy of this notion is so obvious and striking, that it is wonderful it should have misled any one beyond a moment; as if the activity of the digestive organs were not in the very nature of the thing essential to the reception of—nourishment! If our readers remark the two sentences, they will see that there is not the least more dishonesty in the use of the word 'nourishment' instead of 'food' in the last, than of 'idea' in the first in place of 'words.' However confused the Reviewer's notion may be of the nature of an 'idea,' (and we can give him credit for a very tolerable quantity of perplexity on this subject,) we do not apprehend that he meant 'idea' to be synonymous with 'words.' If he did, we are quite content, and the phrase will stand in its naked assumption, 'as if activity of the intellectual faculties were not essential to the reception of a new word!' But if he meant by idea, as we suppose he did, not a word, but that which results to the mind from a word, then in assuming that an idea is received at all by the imposition of words upon the memory, he will simply have begged the whole question. And these are the fallacy-exposers of the 19th century!

In our next number, which we hope will finish the subject, we shall consider the advantages supposed to result from the new system, in saving time for other studies, and the real principle upon which reforms in our public institutions for education ought to be conducted.

THE KING'S INTENDED PRESENT TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—It will be observed by the report of the proceedings of the Artists' Benevolent Fund Society, at the annual meeting and dinner, on Saturday, of which the daily papers have given a full account, that his Majesty has been pleased to exercise his munificence and to give a new proof of his anxiety to promote a general taste for the arts, by authorising the purchase of two of the best paintings of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Gainsborough, for the purpose of presenting them to the National Gallery. The speech of the President of the Royal Academy will be read with interest. The expressions of humility which it contains, afford a new illustration of the often-repeated axiom, that modesty is the constant attendant on genius. Had its tone been a little less courtly, the effect would have been more powerful. The President of the Royal Academy should bear in mind that mummery passed its perihelion when Mr. Brougham made his famous harangue at Liverpool in praise of Lord Eldon, and an evident reaction towards honesty has since taken place in all classes, except the strugglers for the *ancien régime*. It may be added, however, that as long as Sir Thomas sends to the exhibition such admirable portraits as those which now figure in the rooms of Somerset-house as the resemblances of the Duchess of Richmond and Mr. Soane, he has no occasion to anticipate a decline in his talents. To all but himself his powers appear undiminished.

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ARACHNE—A MEDITATION.

Woe betide, and curses, the unnatural cleanliness of English cities! I have profited little by my idle and rustic life; but at least I have learned not to condemn a spider. Here I wander up and down the stairs as unhappy as the great Florentine poet, and cannot find from garret to cellar even one of the insects I delight in. I have been used to think them the companions, almost as it were the geni, of my old walks, my old trees, my old recollections, and daily thoughts. In this barren and mechanical metropolis I rejoiced, after many weeks, to discover among my shelves one small but genuine and living cobweb. I immediately proceeded to secure it as well as I might from the incursions of the enemy and the besom of destruction. I raised in front a huge rampart with the mighty and generous old folio of Raleigh, and strengthened the flanks with bastions of Don Quixote, the Greek Testament, and Wordsworth. Above the whole as a donjon keep, I exalted Mr. Bentham's last five volumes on the law of evidence, and to make sure against any casual approach, I took care that the name should be visible. I fondly believed that I had successfully fulfilled all the duties of a wise governor and friendly protector; and in the gladness of my heart, whenever I was sure that nobody was at hand, I removed a part of the fortifications, and contemplated the fairy palace which I had encircled with these bulwarks of such distant ages and various architecture. The elaborate construction and scientific form of the building inspired the housemaid with a salutary and holy terror. But my cousin Mary, (whose embroidery, by the way, almost equals that of Arachne,) came into the room to superintend the hanging of one of her own drawings, of which she had made me a present, and was surprised at the aspect of my precious pile. She lifted in her delicate hands one or two of Mr. Bentham's volumes; their weight oppressed her, their name puzzled her, she let them fall on the magic web below, and my comfort was destroyed for ever.

Yes, for ever! I cannot hope that in this capital, which is the domain of house-maids and brooms, I shall be able to maintain near me even a single spider. Yet, O! blind and clownish generation! when will you construct a web so airy and regular? What be your engineering and your weavings,—what be your ground-plans and your diagrams, compared to the exact beauty of a cobweb? Look at those fine threads, those strengthening diagonals, those sharply-drawn and concentric circles, and then boast of the bare and meagre Roman castramentation, or of the clumsy art of Flemish engineering. When shall your bounties, or your prohibitions, or your free-trade, the mightiness of your machines, or the skill of your throwsters, draw out a line which would show finer than a cable beside this thin and silver thread? The labyrinths of your old gardens! The mazes of your modern cities! Bring Egypt and Crete, bring Le Notre and the seventeenth century, set London and Pekin beside a cobweb, and teach yourselves to be abashed by the art of the insect, and the mystery of its habitation! Learn from this how coarse the lace on a queen's bosom; how rude and inartificial the devices of human oresters and princely huntsmen; how irregularly knotted and ignorantly arranged the nets which catch in the blue Mediterranean and around the promontories of the north, the fish for the feasts of luxury, and the kettle of Domitian. Where is the Retiarian Gladiator who will weave his web out of his own bowels, and fight without a weapon? Or when was the golden hair of Euphrosyne bound with a net, the silk whereof was a living portion of the goddess?

What an agile tumbler is the spider! How boldly, and yet how surely, does he climb, and creep, and spring, among his lofty and tremulous rigging! See him dropping from some tall thin bough, as if he were descending from a star; and

when he has reached the ground, he swoons not, nor is bruised; he leaves it to the son of Jupiter to be maimed; to the son of Apollo to be slain, by a fall to earth: wise mechanist, he suspends himself as surely as if he were upheld by the golden chain that unites the worlds; rare dancer, he touches the sod as lightly as a butterfly or a breeze; aspiring vaulter, that will not live below his former home, with the airy nimbleness of a bird he mounts the moonbeam ladder that himself has made, draws after him the polished staircase of ductile crystal, that no crawling worm may follow him to his castle, and sits in state, where, from his breezy chambers and gossamer casements, he may look out with contempt on the deeds of the rude labourer and puzzled artist—MAN!

And in those dim and quiet recesses, wherein he often dwells, like Mahomet in his cave, or Luther at Wurtzburg, or Socrates in the shadow, how notably and profoundly doth he not meditate on the powers of nature, and the laws of existence! Speak of the cob-web brains of philosophers and poets! Where, I prithee, is the man whose brain deserves so honourable an epithet? Let us estimate the inward thought and pregnancy of speculation by the outward achievement which is its sign and type. What moralist, what man of fancy, hath ever figured and embodied his conception of the universe and the causes of things in so clear and complex a plan as a cobweb, and with a hand so plastic as the spider? Must not he be a genuine recipient and expositor of the principles of truth, who constructs out of his own blood and thoughts so complete, definite, and significant a symbol of the system of creation? How methodically are the great lines and main supports arranged, how carefully and strongly compacted; how minute, delicate, and suitable the small connections and details! How well is every part adapted to all the others! how bold and magnificent the general design! how perfect the execution! how full of intelligence and life! and how clear in the mind of the artist must needs be the view of all the moral and physical relations of the world; how strictly practical, and allied with the individual character; how dependent on his connection with all above him, and all below him! What philosopher has certainly discovered, and steadily maintained, any one law of the invisible, or, I might almost say, any one of the visible, universe? Leave these dreams to the young men, who are unfit even (as Hector quotes from Aristotle) to 'study moral philosophy, and therefore still more assuredly unfit to study the ways, and webs, and intellects of spiders. Happy man would he be whose mind should approach the method, and delicacy, and sensibility of a cobweb!'

The age is unworthy of these contemplations, or else might it not fairly be urged that a cobweb is the evidence and badge of a calm and reverent antiquity? When the conqueror is a handful of dust no larger than has a thousand times been marked and stained by the bloody hoof of his charger, when his conquests have fallen to fragments, and his dynasty has passed away,—then in the silent halls of his splendour and about the mouldering pillars of his monuments, the spider weaves his glimmering web, the one true heir to the fame of Alexander and the empire of Darius. And when mighty armaments, moved by as many millions of men as were drowned in the deluge, have been shaking asunder or banding together kingdoms, when the thousand leaders have been feasting together in palaces, waited on by ten thousand captive princes, when the riches dug in many ages from many hundred mines have been heaped for a trophy into a mountain, and the sins of the triumphant are builded into a mountain taller than this, bloody and burning, when all this has endured for a space, then comes in to inherit the palaces and the trophies, and to write its moralising on the wealth and the iniquity, that small and grey phi-

losopher the spider, and runs to and fro over the banquet-table of Sardanapalus and Semiramis, and makes a roof in the entry of the pyramid, and spreads the mantle of his new possession on the throne of the Cæsars. For gladiator, and spectator, and emperor, what now has the circus but a spider? What now has Timur instead of his hundred diadems, but a cobweb? What fills the skull of Archimedes, but that one little diagram? That twilight web is wavering where the banners of monarchs and the veils of the lovely have passed away. That thin pale thread succeeds to all of brightest and most permanent on earth. That brief and significant inscription has marked the tombs of Adam and the Patriarchs, and it shall be written on the sepulchres of mankind, when the world shall not contain a living man.

A SECOND POETICAL EPISTLE.
FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

[The following epistle is a sequel to the one, a translation of which appeared in 'The Athenæum' of last week, and handles another branch of the same argument. It is much to be regretted that Goethe did not pursue it further, and that he has not given us any more compositions of the same class. In this instance, as in others, after showing that he could equal or surpass the greatest masters in their own peculiar province of the art, after exhibiting specimens that were models of perfection, he seems to have thought that this particular portion of his intellectual nature was now sufficiently developed, and has turned aside to cultivate some other. Thus it has happened that these two epistles stand alone among his works, as, indeed, they do in the whole field of modern literature; at least, where else is any thing to be found worthy of being compared with those most exquisite and delightful productions of the good sense and good breeding of the Romans, the satires and epistles of Horace? Other writers who have attempted to imitate Horace, not even excepting Pope, have expanded, and hardened, and stiffened, and embittered him. But Goethe's epistles have all Horace's playful gaiety and graceful lightness of touch, with more than all his Socratic irony and wisdom; and, like his, they breathe that spirit of universal kindness and philosophical indulgence towards all the waywardness of human nature, which, whatever the disciples of Chesterfield may assert to the contrary, is the soul of all good breeding, and without something of which, all good breeding is a hollow mask, cold and brittle, and not worth a straw.—It may be as well to remark, with reference to the latter part of this epistle, especially considering the tenfold velocity with which the wheel of fashion has been running round of late years, that it was first published in the year 1795.]

EXCELLENT friend! thou knittest thy brows; thou exclaimest, that jesting
Here has been quite out of place; thy question was grave and momentous,
And it required to be answered as gravely. I know not, by heaven,
How it has happened that some pert demon of laughter possessed me;
But I will now continue more seriously. Men, thou declarest,
Men may look after themselves, and watch over their lives and their lessons:
Choose they to go wrong, let them: but think of thy daughters at home, think
How these pandaring poets are teaching them all that is evil.

This is a mischief, I answer, 'tis easy to remedy; more so
Than many think perhaps. Girls are so good, and so glad to have something
They may be busy about. Give the eldest the keys of the cellar,
That she may see thy wines placed right whenever the merchant
Or when the vintager sends in the barrels of generous liquor
Here will be much for a damsel to look to: such numbers of vessels,
Bottles, and emptied casks, to be kept all clean and in order.
Oft, too, will she observe how the must keeps frothing and stirring,
And she will pour in more when it falls short: so may the bubbles
Easily float to the mouth of the vat; and the noblest of juices
Ripen in delicate clearness, to gladden the years that are coming.
Daily, moreover, she draws it unweariedly, filling the bottles
Ever afresh, that its spirit may always enliven the table.
Next, let another be queen of the kitchen; then, in good earnest,
She will have work enough; dinners and suppers all summer and winter,

And they must always be savoury, yet without draining the strong box.
When Spring opens its doors, she has motherly cares for the poultry,
Feeding the ducklings betimes in the yard and the yellow-beaked chickens.
All that the season produces she brings in its turn to the table,
Happy if only before hand. Daily she changes the dishes,
Tasking her wits to devise a variety. Soon as the summer
Ripens the fruit, she stores for the winter. Down in the cool vault
Cabbages lie fermenting, and vinegar mellows the garkins,
While, in the breeze-loving loft, she treasures the gifts of Pomona.
Joyfully lists she to the praise from her father, brothers, and sisters;
But if in aught she miscarry, alack! 'tis a greater misfortune,
Than if thy debtor absconded and left thee his note for thy money.
Thus will the maiden be ever more busy, and quietly grow up
Full of all household virtues, and happy the man who shall wed her.
Then, if she wishes to read, she will take up a treatise on cooking,
Such as the restless presses have issued already by hundreds.

Has she a sister? her care be the garden. Thou dost not condemn it,
Surely, to girdle thy house with a belt of romantical dampness:
But it is laid out neatly in beds, for the use of the kitchen,
Bearing the wholesomest herbs, and the fruits that make children so happy.

Thus, like a patriarch, let thy own house be a kingdom in little,
And let thy offspring around thee be ever thy trustiest servants.
If thou hast still more daughters who like sitting quiet and working
Works such as women delight in, 'tis only the better: the needle
Finds little leisure to rust in the year round: be they so homely
While they are staying at home, when abroad they would willingly look like
Ladies with nothing to do. How much, too, has sewing and darning,
Washing and pleating increased! now that every damsel is wearing
White Arcadian garments, with long-tailed petticoats trailing,
Sweeping the streets and the garden, and stirring a dust in the ball-room.
Verily, had I a whole round dozen of daughters to manage,
I should be ne'er at a loss for employment; they get up employment
All for themselves in abundance; and so not a volume the year through
Should ever come from the book-lender's library over my threshold.

J. C. H.

THE INVITATION.

RISE, my love, the loud-voiced wind
Leaps with shouting through the sky,
And the myriad lamps of light
Which bespeak an azure night,
Dimly glimmer forth on high,
As the blasts the folds unwind
Which conceal them from the eye.
O'er the top-cloud of the storm
Doth the crescent-shaped queen
High uplift one lustrous horn
Glowing like red gold, unshorn
Of one beam; meanwhile between
Dark cloud-veils, its sister form
Sleeps a quiet sleep unseen!
And the undistinguished trees
Whose dark outline meets the cloud,
Their sad neighbourhood reveal
Only by the awe we feel,
When with whispers long and loud
Flits among them the night breeze
Like a ghost which leaves a shroud!

The smooth lake, whose waters leave
Yon hill's base, is murky and dim;
Neither moon, nor cloud, nor star,
Darting through it from afar,
Rise again in fashion trim
On the pebbles which it paves:—
Nature wears a sallow grin!

In the gale I mark a sound,
Which to none but gifted ear
Is revealed;—a sound of power!
'Tis the spirit of the hour!
He to men who dare to hear
Will the secret spells expound
Which uphold this earthly sphere!

While his sister spirit sits
In the beamy moon above,
And as on his shadow-wings
O'er the joyous earth he springs,
Greets him with her looks of love,
Then he laughs and rocks by fits
The tall hill and feathery grove.

My sweet girl, we fear him not!
For high converse we have held
With swarth forms, with satyrs rude,
With all shapes that haunt the wood,
The dark cave, the sunny field:
In church-yards for ghosts we've sought
By no human dread repelled!

He doth love! Love hath no fear!
And the over-arching sky
Be the storms athwart it thrown,
Be the sun in glory shown,
Must be ever to thine eye
Love's eternal fane, a sphere
Which no evil cometh nigh.

He doth love! And so do we!
He fears not! How can we dread!
Then come forth and let the wind
All thy golden locks unbind,
Toss thy arms above thy head
Like a Menad frantically
In the forests wandered!

And his still deep voice shall fall
Like sweet music on thy soul;
For there's nought that joys and lives
But to thee its pleasure gives
From those orbs aloft that roll
To the withered leaves which all
The light winds at will control!

And I'll hear his whispers too,
For the waves and skies by me
Are beloved, and godlike man
Nature's all-comprising plan;
And while listening thus with thee
All things seem more sweetly true
To the primal harmony!

THE HUNGERFORDS—A FAMILY SKETCH.

I AM a very old quack, and it is quite time I should retire from the active duties of my profession. To you, my dear children,—dear for your own sakes, and dear because I see revive many of those traits which have distinguished the characters of both your parents,—to your hearts I commit the preservation of my memory, and to your heads the continuance of my traffic. Listen, darlings, while I utter in your ears the words of one anxious, deeply anxious, to see you as straightforward, high-minded, triumphant impostors as himself. Nay, why do I so limit the expression of my paternal hopes? You may be greater, wiser, mightier men than ever I have been. My empiricism, I confess, has been too discursive, too all-embracing. In the ambition of my boyish heart, fired as it was with recollections of the great men who had preceded me, and upheld by a consciousness of what I could myself achieve, I deemed that the whole world of trickery was within my grasp, and wept by anticipation, that there would in time be no more worlds to subdue. I was wrong, I acknowledge it; but you, dears, will profit by my experience. I apportion out among you the different provinces of my vast empire; hear and remember my instructions for their management:

FRANK! my first-born, you were always your mother's darling; and yet, I know not how it is,

you inherit but little of her wit. That dull, heavy look of your's would be worth a hundred thousand pounds to such a shrewd dog as your brother Adolphus. He, poor fellow, has got an unfortunate appearance of cleverness, which, I fear, will ruin him. How strangely the gifts of Providence are dispensed! But something might be done for you yet. Let me see, what is that log fit for? I have it. Frank, you shall be a poet.

A poet! But I can't make verses, Sir!

That did not occur to me. But, hang it, what can it signify? I will give you directions. In the top shelf of my library, close to the fire-place, you will find a row of books, on which you will see written 'Old Plays.' A little way off, you will see books labelled 'Paradise Lost' and 'Paradise Regained.'

What am I to do with them, Sir?

Why you may take as much from them as you like, and nobody will be the wiser. But that's not the thing. You do not suppose that you will have to write a great many poems in order to be a poet, do you?

Yes, Sir. What else am I to do?

Che! che! the child is quite hopeless. Why, Frank, if you can only start off with a poem of 400 lines, upon the Conversion of St. Paul, you are a made man; and, far from having to write any more, every review in the empire will be full of such phrases as these: 'Why does Mr. Frank Hungerford, who tuned his matin lyre so sweetly, never favour us with a noon-day song?' intimating, you perceive, that you would be a monstrous fool if you did. 'For our own parts, we admire this abstinence of Mr. Hungerford. True genius does not court opportunities of display.' This you say is a made reputation. You will be praised just because you don't write. How do you like that, Frank?

But how am I to live, if I do nothing else all my life?

How are you to live? Why, Frank, your ignorance of the world, for a young man of twenty-four, and my son, is really shocking. Are you not aware that you will dine out every day, that you will be paid all round by the annals 100*l.* each not to write in the others, and that you have every possible chance of a plum?

But surely Frank's face will not pass for a poet's, Sir. He has not got his eye into a fine frenzy, or any thing of that sort.

My dear Adolphus, why will you be always setting up to be so much wiser than your father? Why, it was that desperate face of his that put me upon making him into a poet, which, in most cases, is not by any means a profession I should recommend. Don't you see how easy it will be to describe him as a man of a deeply meditative countenance, withdrawn from outward objects, and poring in silence over his own heart? Well, so much for you, and that is one good job over.

CHARLES! what are you doing there? Come, Sir, and attend to me: there is occupation enough in the world for your impudence. The only faults of all my dear children are excess in their peculiar virtues. Frank in stupidity, Ambrose in vulgarity, Adolphus in cunning, you in brazen-facedness; Charles, you must be the drawing-room quack.

Why the devil do you put me to such a business as that? There is not a person in the world hates men and women as I do.

My dear Charles, how very unworthy that is of you! I know you hate men and women, but ought that to prevent you from imposing upon them? Be sure, Charles, that to accomplish any great objects, to gratify any ultimate desire—we must put a curb upon all our inclinations. We must take, as Mr. Warren the Benthamite told you the other day, a distant and large view of our self-interest, instead of a narrow and neighbouring one.

But I am quite sure that my impudence will turn to no account in society. I dare say I shall be quite shamefaced and foolish in the presence of women.

And if you are, so much the better; it was just the course I meant to prescribe for you. A really shy man may just as well go hang himself; for there is not a person whom he converses with that does not hold him a bore and a curse, and he holds the same opinion himself much more strongly than any of them. But an impudent man cannot do a better thing than begin with an air of extreme bashfulness and constraint. Let me explain to you: that slouching, devil-may-care gait of yours must be converted, as it will without the least difficulty, upon your first entering your profession, into a student-like awkwardness. You must tumble into a room, thus, as if your legs and body, like two country footmen, were squabbling about whose place it was to support the other—your head must make an effort to stand up, but weighed down by your anxiety to conceal the blushes which cover it—must present the appearance which a clever critic on phrenology attributed to the man who should be so unfortunate as to have an organ of secretiveness, and one of self-esteem, battling with each other—then let your whole demeanour express the painful scepticism by which your mind is racked respecting the propriety of addressing yourself to the first person who comes forward to salute you, or of cutting your way under the hostile fire of some fifty Christian and turbaned heads into the presence of the lady of the house—then retire—not (need I mention it?) without knocking two hats out of the hands of the gentlemen holding the same, into the arms of the lovely being with whom they are conversing—retire, I say, into a remote corner to a table, which will afford you the opportunity of throwing a volume of engravings upon the fair ankle nearest you—then descending—

You need not go on, Sir; I can do all this, and a great deal more of the same kind, if it is necessary.

It is necessary, you may depend upon it, for what will follow? There is some compassionate person in every English company. Say a married lady, or a single one of a certain age. Well, she observes your confusion, and takes you from that day under her patronage. Be sure you throw yourself in the way of meeting her again and again. Whether she is worth anything herself or not, her descriptions of you to others as a young man in whom there is really a great deal more than appears, with other phrases of the same sort, will do you good. And then, attend to me, let there be no medium; do not let the shell of shyness scale off by degrees, but, all at once, when you have attracted the notice of a sufficient number of persons—come from pity for your sufferings, some from a wish to ascertain your genius,—start up before them at once in the panoply which the gods provided you with, the true, impudent, Charles Hungerford; and the world is your's, my lad, if you will only take it.

I have but one more caution before I dismiss you. When you have once assumed your character, let your conversation be free from all affectation. There is a trick among young men of the present day, who fancy themselves quacks, but have no right to the title of talking to women especially, in paradoxes—starting opinions just the reverse of what are true and generally believed, affecting to abhor virtue and admire crime—laughing at any thing great, and professing to worship littleness—with any thing else that is intended to earn from female mouths the remark, 'What a very odd person that is!'—Now that is vile and vulgar—what no real impostor would ever practise: depend upon it, women like honesty and truth, and plain speaking, let fools tell you what they will to the contrary; and every genuine quack must, at least with them, be as direct and straightforward as his nature will let him

AMBROSE! you are drunk, and therefore I will not settle your profession at present.

Shan't I do for the Church, Sir?

No, Sir, you will not do for the Church. 'You will drink nothing but salt water all your life, if you begin to drink before you get into the sea,' was the bitter paradox of a friend of mine, who knew its truth from experience; for he was one of those worthy fellows, who, though devoting all his health and talents to his profession, being drunk three nights in the week with his parishioners, and three with his patron, yet never obtained a living with more than four hundred pounds a year. Such a fact is a perfect scandal to the richest establishment in Europe. No, Ambrose, my present notion is, that you should start as a metaphysician, for which purpose I shall send you over to l'Ecole Normale, at Paris.

What is that, Sir?

It is a metaphysical parliament, where young men meet to pass laws of the human mind. At the commencement of every session, M. Cousin, the President, delivers a speech from the throne, recommending certain new sensations to their attention. They then resolve themselves into committees of the whole house, to consider of those sensations, and every member is at liberty to propose any new clause he pleases. The chairman then reports progress, and asks leave to sit again the next day. Now, if you attend these committees every night drunk, I am sure you will be able to suggest more sensations than all the Frenchmen have yet discovered; then you will establish a course of lectures; will hiccup about *la charte* and the nineteenth century; and will be voted the greatest philosopher and most tipsy man in Paris.

There's my own boy, ADOLPHUS. Ah! you fine skulking little dog, with that winking eye that never looks straight at any thing! In principle, I always thought you were the best of the brood. In action, however, you have sometimes come off badly; for you carry the mark of your knavishness too honestly about you; and honesty, Adolphus, will not do in this bad world: however, do not be discouraged, my own pet. You will get on as well as any of them; only it goes to my heart that I must put a genius like yours to a more common-place trade than any of your brothers. I am sorry to say it, Adolphus; but you must be a lawyer.

My dear Sir, a lawyer! why surely that profession has a bad name enough in itself, without my adding to the opprobrium by the face upon which you have bestowed such gratifying compliments.

But a boy of your wit, Adolphus, ought to perceive that this very circumstance will be immensely in your favour. Just observe the way in which lawyers are generally spoken of: 'By Jove, that fellow is a cunning rascal, I would not willingly be in his clutches,' which means, being translated, I wish, my dear friend, that I had you in his clutches—and do you not in your conscience believe, that the very man whom the objector would pitch upon to conduct a cause for him, is that same cunning rascal. The truth is, as you know very well, that nothing can be more vulgar than the usual attacks upon lawyers. They are not worse knaves than those other men—only mankind wants them for its knavish purposes, and so they are voted knaves by convention. And this being the case, you see how very convenient it is that they should carry about with them some sign-board of their accomplishments, something which will set the world at ease about putting them to the uses for which it intends them.

I feel the truth of what you say, and yet one would like, now and then, to do a sly piece of knavery without being suspected of it.

One would certainly; but, as I have already told your brother, a quack must be a devoted, self-denying man, ready to lay his most cherished inclinations upon the altar of duty.

ELIZA, my little quean, who said that when I portioned out my kingdom to my children, you should have Cordelia's share? No such thing; but what I shall do with you requires some thought. Will you be a blue, Lizzy?

No, Sir, I won't.

That is very decisive; and yet I think those mahogany locks—I did not call them red; and that nose, a slight tendency to snub, you must allow; and those lips, a little beyond the average thickness; and that left shoulder, declining generously to rival its sister in height; I think, I say, that with these peculiarities, it might be well to open an Album, and take Greek into your consideration. *Qu'en dites vous, ma fille?*

I am determined; I will be a beauty, Papa.

There spoke thy father's spirit. You shall be a beauty, my love. I am getting old and feeble, or I should never have made so mean and compromising a speech as that which just escaped me. It is the business of vulgar men to follow nature; it is the glorious vocation of the quack to contend and master it. If nature has made him stupid, it is his right to say, I will have reputation for talent; if cowardly, I will be revered for my courage; if frightful, I will be adored for my loveliness. Decree to be beautiful, Eliza, and your nose shall be pronounced an exquisite improvement upon the Grecian model; your lips will be extolled for their fullness and richness; and the departure from uniformity in your shoulders will have the charm of a piquant innovation. Go forth, my children, in this spirit of compelling the world to think of you that which you know you are not; and you will, you must, prosper. The blessing of an aged quack go with you!

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

A SECOND visit to the Exhibition has satisfied us that it is a good, a superior one. It is creditable to the exhibitors; and, looking to the present state of the arts on the continent, it does honour to the country. It presents a vast and gratifying display of efforts of bold and unshackled talent, following original impulse, unincumbered by the trammels of example, school, or fashion, but employed in embodying fine ideas, spontaneously and naturally emanating, and expressed without labour or manner. This praise is well merited by the performances more especially of Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Etty, Mr. Calcott, and Mr. Turner.

Mr. Etty's picture, 'Benaiah slaying two lion-like men of Moab,' in regard to the attempt at least, is the principal work in the exhibition. It is a noble and courageous effort, and the ardour which has dictated it, and borne the artist through with it, deserves every encouragement. The painting also is a grand work of art: it is conceived with spirit, and executed with great vigour and power. It is quite in the terrible, or *fiero*, style; and, if it be not in the manner of the great founder of that school of art, we do not despair of beholding, at no very distant period, a production from the pencil of Mr. Etty which may rank him as a worthy follower of Michael Angelo. At present two attainments of opposite character are necessary to place him on the list of the accomplished disciples of so illustrious a master—elevation in sentiment, and a chastened hand. Refinement is the desideratum in Mr. Etty, whether he paints a Venus or a Samson. The picture now under consideration would have admitted of more of that quality without any sacrifice of energy. We have the man of strength, but not the hero; we contemplate the superiority of brute force, but not the victory of loftier courage and higher mind. We will not urge an objection obviously presenting itself to an undue degree of coarseness in the details of the drawing, because, in its present situation, the picture is not fairly seen. It is impossible to retire from it to a sufficient distance to obtain a proper point of view. Mr. Etty's second picture, 'Hero, having thrown

herself from the tower at the sight of Leander drowned, dies on his body,' (No. 31,) is a very masterly painting; the colouring is most rich and effective; the composition is extraordinary, but certainly not remarkable for its grace and beauty.

The produce of Mr. Wilkie's travels has naturally excited the curiosity, and formed points of attraction for the attention of all classes of visitors. His foreign works prove to be exactly such as might have been expected from Wilkie in Spain and Wilkie in Italy. He has caught the character of the country in each case: his subjects are consequently of a higher cast than those on which his pencil had before been employed, and he has adopted a manner of execution suited to his subjects. The principal of these works is 'The Defence of Saragossa,' No. 128. It is a noble and masterly production. The story is admirably told. Every thing bespeaks an obstinate struggle in a noble cause, in which all hearts and hands are enlisted. Men, women, and children, and laymen and priests, high-born and low-born, all perform their parts; and the crucifix itself,—no unworthy employment, since, the cause is that of country against the foreign invader,—while it directs the pointing of the artillery, seems to confer the blessing of religion on the aim. The figure of the heroine is full of ardour and enthusiasm; the activity of the groups about the piece of ordnance has a fine contrast in any occupation of a more quiet nature, but of an interest no less intense, and which is intimately allied with the main action, of the figures in any other part of the picture. Between the mighty wheels of the cannon, there is the sturdy mastiff; while in the part of the picture in which the employment of the figures breathes more repose and less of war, the carrier pigeon with outstretched wings awaits the completion of the despatch. We would not be critical over much, yet we cannot help observing what has appeared to us a defect common to most of the Spanish productions of Mr. Wilkie, and which in this picture more especially has an unpleasant effect: we allude to a want of variety in the heads; the features, with the exception of the boy, seem to be all taken from one model—the noses are absolutely the same.

No. 110, 'Cardinals, Priests, and Roman Citizens washing the Pilgrims' feet; a ceremony which takes place during the holy week in the convent of the Santa Trinità de Pelligrini, at Rome.' Might it be allowed us to express a preference where all is so excellent, we should select this picture as the best of those exhibited by Mr. Wilkie. As a whole, it is charmingly composed, and painted in a manner truly artist-like; it is full of feeling and character. The group on the left hand (of the picture), the Cardinal performing the last office of humility by kissing, after having washed, the feet of the pilgrim, is one of the most affecting incidents we remember to have seen in a painting. The humility is most expressive, profound, sincere, absorbing, free from every taint of ostentation. Nor can the emotion of the pilgrim be overlooked; it is most delightfully indicative of manly piety and modesty—the pain is all on his side; he cannot look on the act of humility of which he is the object, performed by a prelate, who, by the sanctity of his office, attested by the cardinal robes, is raised so far above him, and he conceals his face. The figures themselves are both fine; that of the pilgrim is noble, even beneath his modest bearing and garb of poverty. The group is one which we should never grow weary of contemplating. On the other side, the older pilgrim, with hands closed together on his knees, yet from age and duller nature less susceptible of lively emotion than his more youthful companion, abounds in character nicely discriminated in the conception, and well defined in the execution.

'The Spanish Posado,' No. 56, represents a guerilla council of war, at which a Dominican, a Monk of the Escorial, and a Jesuit, are delibe-

rating with an emissary in the costume of Valencia. This is also a masterly picture, although, perhaps, less stirring than either of the two before-mentioned. The Valencian emissary, resting his clenched hand on the board, is fine; and the group on the ground beneath the table, the old guitar-player, and the goatherd and his sister, is delightful.

We purpose noticing the rest of Mr. Wilkie's historical productions in the order of the rooms in which they are situated. We turn now to a picture of another description, in which a clever artist, abandoning his pencil to the guidance of nature, has produced a most enchanting work:

'The Fountain—Morning,' A. W. Calcott, R. A., No. 10.—This is one of the most delightful landscape compositions we have ever beheld: it is pure, simple, classical, and beautiful: the scene is lonely, yet perfectly natural; faithful to nature in her most pleasing combinations: it is Italian, and, although evidently a composition, calls to mind the character and many of the component parts of the scenery in the neighbourhood of the Formian Villa. We have the snowy summits of the Appennine chain, mountains thence gradually diminishing, and bounding the plain in the form of gentle hills, clothed with luxuriant fertility; a long line of country of this kind terminates in a promontory washed by the distant sea, which bounds the horizon. In the foreground and middle are a fountain and classical building, arcadian figures, a broad stream flowing through an aqueduct. The distance and sky are exquisite. The composition, from the description, may appear Claudelike: it is so in reality, but only because the ancient and modern artist have derived their inspiration from the same mistress: the treatment and effects are Mr. Calcott's own, they are perfectly free from charlatanism: the colouring, although appearing to disadvantage amid the glare which surrounds it, is glowing without extravagance, chaste without tameness.

'A Dutch Ferry,' No. 66, is another exquisite production by the same artist. That it is the representation of a scene of a tame description, may be allowed; but it possesses a character of interest and peculiarity in its very tameness. On first regarding the picture, the immense share of canvas unoccupied as it were, seems objectionable; but, when it is dwelt on, the effect of the distant line of flat land-hedging, the surface of the unruffled expanse of water, is so completely in the character of the country from which the scene is taken, that the whole becomes admirable. In the sky of this picture, as in all he has ever painted, Mr. Calcott is remarkably natural and happy; the sentiment of accordance between the lifeless calm of the water and that of the atmosphere is perfect. The figure of the market-woman, in a scarlet jacket, crossing the ferry in a boat, makes a most pleasing, effective, and natural diversion.

What a contrast to the paintings of Mr. Calcott is that of Mr. Turner, 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' No. 42. Yet, much as we have praised the former, we feel no disposition to condemn the latter, however opposite in its kind and character. If sober reason will not allow us altogether to approve this wonderful display of Mr. Turner's power, yet can we not withhold from it our admiration. The colouring may be violent, and 'overstep the modesty of nature;' and, were that alone to be considered, the picture could not be justified: but the poetical feeling which pervades the whole composition, the ease and boldness with which the effects are produced, the hardihood which dared to make the attempt,—extort our wonder and applause. It should be borne in mind, moreover, that the subject is not drawn from the common realities of life. Nor do we see that the blood-red effects which accompany the mounting car of the God of day and light, tinging the scattered vapours with brightest amber, and burnishing the galley of the hero, protected by the Ægis-bearing Goddess, are at all

more out of nature than the Cyclops himself. How colossal and mysterious the form of the monster appears, as we view him writhing under the agonies of the recently-inflicted torture, and obscured by the vapours of Ætna!

We are warned to close our notice of the Exhibition for the present; we regret to be obliged to stop so early, as we had proposed to go through all the principal productions in the various branches of art in this our first account, in order to avoid every imputation of undue preference. We trust, however, that our readers will see, in the quality and subjects of the pictures to which we have drawn their attention, ample justification for the precedence yielded them. The painters, it will be observed, on whose works we have paid our tribute of applause, all artists of the first rank, are Academicians, and yet not portrait-painters; a fact which we notice by way of correcting a complaint put forth, certainly with too little reason, that the most influential members of the Academy are opposed to the admission amongst them of those who pursue the higher branches of the art. We are happy to have this occasion of doing merited justice to the Academy, as a set-off to the liberty we took with their administration of their Institution in our last Number. This we are the more desirous of doing, as the printer's mistake, in the change of a single syllable, gave a more serious tone to the character of the article than we had felt or contemplated in writing it.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE lecture delivered at this Institution on Friday last, was one promised at the preceding meeting, on the ingenious and far-famed block machinery of Mr. Brunel. The models of this machinery were handsomely lent for the purpose by the Board of Admiralty, if we understood rightly, and were explained by Mr. Farraday in the clear, sensible, and intelligible manner usual in the lessons of that gentleman, which have ranked him as a lecturer so high in the estimation of all who have enjoyed the gratification of hearing him. It must be confessed, however, that the time devoted to the lecture at the meetings of the Royal Institution, is insufficient to do full justice to such a subject as the one which Mr. Farraday was engaged to elucidate: the time that was allowed, Mr. Farraday made the most of. The discourse would be unintelligible, without the accompanying experiments; and we shall not therefore attempt to report it. The models themselves were beautiful specimens of workmanship. Their exactness, as Mr. Farraday observed, was attested by the effect which the increase in the temperature of the theatre, occasioned by the concourse of company, had produced on them: it had so deranged them as to render the performance of several of the operations difficult.

After the lecture, the company was much gratified with the examination of the models.

Captain Waite of the Indian staff very obligingly took the opportunity of exhibiting to those who remained in the theatre, some very splendid Persian shawls of admirable workmanship. In the library, also, there were displayed a Persian carpet, and a rich show of arms from the kingdom of Cutch, all, we believe, the property of Captain Waite. Among the latter was a shield formed of rhinoceros hide and embossed with gold and jewellery, and several cups made from the horn of the same animal. The rich decorations on the handles and scabbards of the arms were elegant, and remarkable for their resemblance to the early style of Italian decoration.

GIBBON'S HISTORY.—A neat edition of this work is in course of publication at Leipzig in monthly parts: it will contain three hundred sheets, and be comprised in twelve volumes, at an expense not exceeding—*Eighteen Shillings!* for nearly five thousand pages!

FRENCH CHARACTERS.

No. II.—THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

Who is not acquainted with the industrious and spirited class of commercial travellers, the active representatives of the trade which annually circulates through all our provinces the products of the generous soil of Burgundy, of the olive-grounds of the Durance, the workshops of the Lyonnese, and the manufactories of Alsace? The commercial traveller usually commences his career at the desk. Long is he condemned to fathom the mysteries of double entry, and constrained to master the difficult calculations of 'The Cambist' and 'The Complete Merchant.' He sighs continually for that day of deliverance, when, shaking off the vulgar dust of the warehouse, he will see himself, like another Ganymede, carried off on the wings of the *Celerifère* or of the *Jumelles*, to make all France acquainted with his wonderful talents.

Five feet six inches, duly cast up, complete the stature of our Apollo Belvidere; the bellicose moustache juts fiercely out upon his upper lip, and ripening puberty has already clothed his chin with the small tuft which a recent Israelitish fashion has appended to the visages of our exquisites. The education of the commercial traveller has, therefore, received its last finish; but it should have been stated, that his tongue, by long practice, has attained a marvelous tact in rolling off mercantile periods, and distils its soft persuasions with an insinuation that goes directly to the hearts of his customers. Our hero is now ripe for his circuit, and it is time to bring him on the scene. Prepared for his departure, drunk with joy and hope, he rushes to the gate. With less impatience, with less pride, did Alexander set foot in the stirrup of Bucephalus, to fly to the conquest of the universe.

He throws off in the diligence with an act of gallantry. Securing his place behind, he immediately begins to pay his court to a young and pretty *voyageuse*, who is accompanied by a sort of bear, gouty, asthmatical, and octogenarian, whom she calls her husband, but who would better pass for her great-grandfather. Under the guardianship of his Antigone, the cripple is going to take the waters of Mont-d'or, that will not prevent him from very soon taking those of the Styx. Our Celadon takes care to separate the ill-assorted pair, and slyly slips in between them, but to play another part than that of the god Terminus. On the road, how obliging he is! what minute cares! what polite attention! If a slight jolt shakes the springs of the carriage, his protecting arm quickly encircles the waist of the alarmed fair, to shield her from the rebound; and ever and anon his restless touch interrogates a gracious and delicate hand to be assured that she does not suffer from the inclemency of the season. At the approach of night, amid the louder respirations of the other passengers, are heard mingling his tender sighs. But hush! we will imitate the discretion of our hero, who, though he is always successful among the women, never makes a boast of his intrigues.

Arrived at the inn, our traveller is known by his loudness and his petulance. 'Ho there! Somebody! garçon! chambermaid!' A score of valets are scarcely sufficient to wait on him. The meats are all insipid to the palate of this new Sardanapalus; the sauces he denounces in epigrams; the partridges he metamorphoses into crows; and the warren-bred rabbits learnt to run in hutches. Then of the wines. 'Infamous Surène! perfidious Piquette!' cries he, not recognising in the wines which he denounces the divine ambrosia, the ingenious mixture which he had himself compounded by regular chemical process in the great laboratory of Bercy. He is, however, an excellent paymaster, and as opposite as the Chancellor's budget to any thing like economy.

Hardly recovered from the fatigues of the pre-

ceding day, he rises to address himself to the business of his toilet, in which he is ever a model of exquisitism and good taste. For his calling is to be the ambassador of fashions, the missionary of novelties, to the provinces. There he undauntedly introduces the boldest innovations—those happy temerities, those strokes of policy in the empire of dress, which possess the merit of exciting the hootings of the profane vulgar towards their heroic authors, until they become generally adopted. He propagates and accelerates civilization wherever he goes; and, deprived of his importations, many a province would still abound with top-boots, three-caped coats, and hats à la Robinson.

Perfumed and pommatumed, he begins his morning round, eager to prevent the calls of a jealous competitor who has closely pursued him since his departure to divide his custom. No one knows better than he the secret of carrying a door by storm, or is more profoundly versed in the theory of blockading anti-rooms. 'Monsieur and Madame are not in.' What matter? These sophisms, the official fibs of the gouvernante, the ready evasions of the portress, and the halbert of the old Swiss, were not made to exclude him. He laughs at all such barriers; and some witty pleasantry, some ingenious stratagem, or, if need be, the irresistible talisman of a piece of money, speedily puts him in possession of the place. He darts, like an arrow, into the interior. He presents himself with the air of a man of the world and the finish of fine manners, commencing with an excuse for his indiscretion: 'To pay so early a visit to the ladies! It is transgressing all etiquette at one bound! But the hour-hand was too slow for his impatience! He was hungering and thirsting to salute the adorable lady of the house. 'Pon honour! she is a prodigy, and has discovered the secret of perpetual youth! A second Ninon, she is destined to inspire passions even in grey hairs!' All the young progeny become, by turns, the objects of his restless solicitude. Happy if in the multitude of questions that he puts, no grave anachronism, no gross mistake of sex or name, slips out to betray his entire ignorance of the genealogy of the interesting family. His next care is to make an abundant distribution among the young gormandizers of sugar-plums and other sweetmeats, in which even poor Azor is allowed to participate,—a pampered dog—a Sibarite quadruped—which he has the politeness to call charming, and to extol as the very model of shocks,—the very mirror of spaniels.

Nothing can be more racy and varied than the conversation of this amiable babbler. He knows every thing, has seen, has studied every thing. He is a perfect walking treatise on statistics, and with amazing sagacity contrasts the Germanic phlegm of the Alsatian female with the vivacity of the mettlesome Picard, the pyramidal coiffure of the Canchoises with the colinettes of the herb-women of the north. His memory is an inexhaustible source of bons-mots and anecdotes. Proteus-like, he can assume any shape for the amusement of his customers: he becomes successively, singer, quack, ventriloquist, milord Anglais, polychinelli vampire; and, what is more, he mimicks to a miracle all the dramatic talents of the capital, Brunet, Odry, Potier, and even the great Talma. He is a man at once unique and universal. Has he to treat with some veteran soldier covered with wounds? It is a brother in arms whom he has the felicity of embracing. With a physiologist? He will discuss, without knowing a word of the matter, medicine or anatomy,—will speak of the principle of irritation, and unfold, organ after organ, the whole system of Dr. Gall. He will make speeches with the deputy, homilies with the country curate, ariettes with the composer, be grave with blue stockings; and on occasion you shall see him seize the needle, and with artistical skill put the last stitch in a flower on the tambour of a fair embroiderer.

When he has glanced at a thousand topics of conversation and assailed each person on his weak side, he turns insensibly to business, and introduces the subject—not by pressing entreaties or base solicitations. No: he will not even let his offers of service escape him, but with a playful and careless air; yet, without having received the slightest encouragement, he has already seized his portfolio, and the eager pen hastens officiously to take down the order to which he has acquired a claim. But stay! How I am detracting from the prestige of so much amiability! If perchance some morose and intractable customer take it into his head to protest against this summary method of doing business, the imperturbable traveller does not swerve. What! deface his order-book for the first time with an ignominious erasure! It were a scandalous disgrace! No! never! Better deliver the wine gratis! So he dispatches it at all risks; and the only favour he begs in return is, that of its being tasted on its arrival. The palate of Mahomet himself would not have resolution to send back to the entrepot the flower of Beaujolais, the nectar of Vignoble!

Thus by means of this clever intermediary are the products of our soil and manufactures annually poured forth and dispersed, and the affluent fortunes of great mercantile houses proportionately extended. The darling child of the Graces and of commerce, a hunter of adventures, the widow's cruse for anecdote, a far more amusing talker than your eternal prosers of the Tribune or the Court, a professed epicurean, an everlasting rattle and yet the prince of good fellows, a courtier but a useful and disinterested one,—such is the commercial traveller, whose physiognomy, together with his manœuvres and his attractions, forms a whole the most piquant and picturesque. But soon is the period of his peregrinations accomplished: the traveller, in his turn, falls into the bonds of matrimony. He now becomes head-man in the counting-house. The liting butterfly of the provinces, the cosmopolitan Lovelace, gives way to the grave and sententious financier. He no longer counts his amours but his millions, and already thinks no eyes so fair as those of his iron-chest. Happy if the gilded ceilings of the Chaussée d'Antin do not becloud that face in which smiles and pleasures used to play; substituting for his open manners and engaging wiles, the cold politeness of etiquette, the formal urbanity of the great world, and fixing every trait of aristocratic bearing on the sovereign of the strong-box. For, if he can but resist the intoxicating tendency of his new position, we shall see him devoting a portion of his treasures to the public good, to the encouragement of elementary instruction, to philanthropic institutions, and to the propagation of useful truths. He will sit with impartiality in the chair of consular justice; and, when his solid information, his high commercial rank, and the frankness and independence of his character, shall have recommended him to the confidence of his brother citizens, he will be raised to the legislative office, and take his seat by the side of Koulin, Lafitte, the Ternaux, and Casimir Perrier, in the midst of the national representatives. 'You all carry the field-marshal's baton in your cartridge-box,' said the founder of the Charter to his grenadiers: the commercial traveller also carries the caduceus of Mercury in his bag, and it only remains for him to take it out.

H. A. O. REICHARD.—There never was a writer, who enjoyed a more completely European reputation than this 'Palinurus' of modern tourists. Respected in his own country and among the literati of the Continent for the solid services he had rendered to geography and other natural sciences, and having for a long series of years enjoyed the confidence of his Sovereign, the Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in his character of Secretary for the War department, the period of his useful career terminated at Gotha on the 17th of January last. He died in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

MISS WILKINSON'S CONCERT.

On Monday, the 4th inst., Miss Wilkinson's concert was held at the King's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square; and the combined influence of the very distinguished patronage under which it was announced, and the attractive list of pieces and performers, brought together one of the most crowded and fashionable audiences of the season.

The Concert opened with the magnificent overture, 'Der Freischütz,' in the performance of which, the sublime conceptions of Weber were embodied in the most perfect execution, combining precision, harmony, and expression, in an extraordinary degree.

The Duetto 'Io di tutto mi contento' from Mosca, which was sung by Madame Stockhausen and Signor De Begnis, was extremely well received. There is certainly no singer on the stage who combines the sly humour, rapid utterance, and comic expression necessary to the execution of *buffo* songs, in so high a degree as De Begnis. A duet of this description, between himself and his accomplished and beautiful wife, is one of the most agreeable things to hear imaginable, and produces, generally, an impression of un-mixed delight on persons of the most opposite tastes in music. Madame Stockhausen is not so well qualified for performances of this description as the inimitable Madame Ronzi De Begnis; but, in her absence, she was, perhaps, the best available substitute, and acquitted herself with great accuracy and sweetness.

The familiar Cavatina 'Di piacer mi balza il cor' received new graces from Madame Camporese, who sang with the characteristic simplicity and chasteness of a perfect musician, what is too frequently, in the hands of less scientific singers, overlaid with meretricious and inappropriate ornament. It was the only song sung by this lady during the evening; but it was received with all the favour which its perfect execution deserved.

Of the Glee which followed, by Mrs. Knyvett, and Messrs Vaughan, Knyvett, and Phillips, little can be said in praise. The words and music are beneath mediocrity; but the harmony of the voices engaged was sufficiently attractive to draw forth an encore! though, to an ear of the least refinement, the preceding song was worth a hundred such as this.

Signor Puzzi's Concerto on the French horn was a performance of extraordinary ability, but, like Concertos in general, too long and too laboured, and calculated to excite sympathy for the exertions and sufferings of the performer, rather than delight in the auditor.

The Recitative and Air of Mercadante, 'Nunì she intesi mai,' and 'Se m'abandoni, bella speranza,' were given to Madame Malibran Garcia, who did ample justice to the beautiful and expressive music of the composer. The touching exclamation in the former, 'Oh martir peggio di morte!' and the concluding lines of the latter:

'Di tradirmi il ben che adorno,
No capace il cor non ha,'

were given with the utmost feeling and tenderness, and portrayed a degree of sorrowful abandonment which bordered on reality.

Mr. Phillips sang the Irish melody of Moore, 'Oft in the still night,' with strict adherence to the characteristic sentiment of the song, for which the fine rich tones of his voice are well adapted.

The Aria of Nicolini, 'Il braccio mio lo-quire,' introduced Miss Wilkinson, who was received, on her appearance, with that general and cordial expression of welcome which indicated, in the strongest manner, the favourable opinion of the audience. Her execution of this fine composition was in the best style, and gave unequivocal satisfaction. Miss Wilkinson may be said to combine, in a greater degree than almost any English singer that we have heard, all the leading characteristics of Madame Pasta's style; and it is

impossible to hear her sing any of Madame Pasta's songs, without being strongly reminded of the great original from whom the pupil has caught the spirit, if not the genius, by which that queen of song may be truly said to be inspired. In the midst of this, there is also the same simple and unaffected modesty, which is equally characteristic of the teacher and the pupil; and, we believe, Madame Pasta herself considered Miss Wilkinson to be the most successful of her English *élèves*.

Mrs. Knyvett's ballad, 'Bid me not forget thy smile,' appeared to us as a waste of agreeable sounds (for such they undoubtedly were) on silly words and common-place composition,—as tame, and void of invention or expression, as could be well imagined. Mori's fantasia on the violin, from Mayseder, was brilliant, and well performed; and Madame Stockhausen's Swiss air, accompanied by her husband on the harp, had novelty and nationality to recommend it; but each of the three preceding performances were of very inferior interest to the fine duetto, from Rossini, 'M'abbraccia, Argivio,' which was sung in excellent style by Miss Wilkinson and Signor Donzelli, and concluded the first part, with justly-merited applause.

The Overture to 'La Gazza Ladra' opened the second part; and this was followed by the ballad 'On the Banks of Allan Water,' which was sung by Miss Stephens, with her characteristic simplicity; but, as it appeared to us at least, with less sweetness of tone, and power of expression, than usual.

The Spanish air, 'Baselito nuevo,' by Madame De Vigo, accompanied on the harp by Mr. Holst, was a sort of musical *jeu d'esprit*, diverting from the singular arrangement of its parts, and the play on certain words, the effect of which was so marked, as to keep the audience in continued laughter, without either the words or the thoughts of the song being intelligible to the great majority. It was encored, as the liveliest joke of the evening, for it was nothing more.

Madame Malibran Garcia and Miss Wilkinson sang together the beautiful duetto 'Dunque mio ben' from Zingarelli, in the most exquisitely expressive and highly-finished style. The ladies were themselves occasionally drawn into a smile at the ardently amorous dialogue they had to sustain, in which the doubts of the suitor were propounded in impatient queries, and the vows of the innamorata were breathed forth in answer. It was, in short, as inappropriate as would be the balcony scene of 'Romeo and Juliet' sustained by two ladies, as the subjoined lines of the dialogue will show:

Dunque, mio ben, tu mia sarai?
— Si cara speme, io tua sarò.
Il tuo bel core? —
— Ti giura amore.
E la tua fede? —
— Sempre tua avrai.
E m'amerai? —
— Costante ognor.
O cari palpiti! soave accenti!
Dolce momenti! felice amor!

Every line, however, of this amorous dialogue was beautifully sung; and the rich mingled tones of the mutual felicitations were such as would become the bower of Jessica in the bright moon-light of an Italian evening.

The remaining pieces were exceedingly well executed, and well received. Donzelli's Aria, 'L'angeur per una bella' was, perhaps, sung with too much indifference. Neither his articulation nor expression betokened any thing like the feelings which the song itself expresses. Miss Wilkinson's song, 'O bid your faithful Ariel fly,' was as full of freshness, vigour, and animation as the former was deficient in these qualities; and Madame Malibran Garcia's 'Una voce poco fa' was a most brilliant and appropriate conclusion to one of the best concerts, on the whole, that we have for a long while enjoyed.

We were glad to hear that the crowded room (filled as it was in every part) did not indicate

the whole extent of the patronage extended to Miss Wilkinson on this occasion; but that, in addition to this, she received the most flattering testimonies to her acknowledged merits from other quarters. We know of no English singer whose talents, and constant readiness to afford her gratuitous aid to all charitable or patriotic purposes, more richly deserve support; and we are rejoiced to find that her modesty, which is as remarkable as any of her other qualities, does not prevent her from receiving it.

THE DRAMA.

King's Theatre.

THE first appearance of Mademoiselle Sontag on the boards of the King's theatre this season was an epoch sufficiently remarkable to gather together as large a concourse of spectators as we have witnessed on any except benefit nights. A reported dispute between herself and the manager, which seemed likely to prevent her from being engaged at all, contributed a little to the curiosity of the Public, and circumstances of a more peculiar nature, which have been made notorious, gave to the lady an interest, hardly less in degree, though perhaps not so legitimate in kind, as that with which she was invested when first she burst upon us in the blaze of her continental glory, and caused such excitement, according to the due operation of the *omne ignotum, &c.* Unfortunately, the opening scene of the opera in which she thus reappeared, was not one which favoured the display of huge applause on the part of the audience, inasmuch as the major part of that audience could not be aware of our heroine's presence until after the lapse of some time, and some of her own singing to boot. Cenerentola is placed in the extreme background as beseeches her, whilst her two Goneril and Regan sisters are showing off their vile proportions at the front of the stage. Neither is it for the natives to conjecture that this German goddess would be found attired in so homely a garb, with unadorned hair falling carelessly upon her shoulder, and withdrawing from their observation, or exhibiting a mien so meek and unassuming. And this may account for the equivocal welcome which she received at our hands, and which certainly did not enough testify the strength of our grateful memory of all her past achievements.

The ballad which Cenerentola sings by snatches in the first scene, 'Una volta c'era un Re,' gave us an opportunity of ascertaining that her voice had lost no strength or sweetness since we heard it last in this theatre; but, as we have said on another occasion, it may have gained some additional fulness and mellow-ness. The slow character of the air is particularly adapted to show the extent of those attributes; and, as the opera proceeded, we had abundant proof that her other and more extraordinary faculties—the quickness, and flow, and rich ornament, and unerring precision of tone—were as vivid and wonderful as ever. The quintet and sextet were led with a spirit and vigour unusual in the present prolific days of *prima donne*; and the variations introduced in her last cavatina 'Non più mesta accanto al fuoco,' were not surpassed by the most florid portions of her more celebrated performances.

In person Mademoiselle Sontag has suffered a change. Her face is no longer curved by those soft and flowing lines which belong to the freshness of youth: its outline is a little broken, it has become paler and much more aged; and her figure too—but this is most ungracious. It is not in our province to take cognizance of such things as these—would that it were no man's! Surely too, enough remains in the execution of her character of Cenerentola yet unnoticed to save us from such truant garrulity. In point of acting, she arrives at a critical time; for Madame Malibran, her compeer in so many respects, is transcendent in this one, and by means which are similar to her own. Each might be a Cenerentola, and the accomplishments of each are not sufficiently unlike in quality, to exempt them from a fair comparison. Whatever might be the result of such a trial, we will, in the mean time, say that Mademoiselle Sontag gives to her part that interest which she has never yet failed to infuse into whatever character she has supported. If it want the vivacity, and energy, and variety of which we can imagine it capable, still in her hands it is never dull, nor displeasing, nor imperfect to any sensible degree. Sometimes there is around it the fascination which Mademoiselle Sontag alone can command; and with the whole performance is interwoven that personal sympathy, which we suspect has been the ladder to her present fame.

The Don Magnifico of Zuchelli is admirable indeed. It is impossible that any thing should be more pious, silly, and entertaining. The air 'Thiei vampolli feminini' gave him scope for the exhibition of his voice to the extremes of its compass—no ordinary grasp for a bass singer; and the effect produced by this first effort was excellently followed up by the whole performance, which combines the highest musical taste and talent, with a liveliness of dramatic power not very often excelled. Unhappily, this success was at times neutralised by the insufficient acting of Le Vasseur, who supported the part of Dandini much against the grain; and the famous duet, 'Un segreto d'un portanza,' between the two, in the second act, had little of that effervescence and humour which resulted from the harmonious union of brother wits, when Pellegrini had the part of the Lying Valet. Signor Donzelli supplied the place of Torri, in the character of Don Ramiro, and this substitution almost made amends for that of which we have just complained; on the whole, this playful and most entertaining opera was represented, on Tuesday night, with a vast preponderance of excellence over defect; although, as we have said before, M. Le Vasseur must never attempt buffo parts, and poor Signora Specchi is as ridiculous a creature as ever scared crows.

Covent-Garden.

LAST night Miss Smithson made her first appearance in this country since she came to her reputation. We have seen several persons who positively avow that they discovered and admired the extraordinary talents of this lady long before they received the Parisian imprimatur. Alas! we can make no such boast. We believe it was our fortune to see her once in some character, on some boards; but where it was or where it happened, we cannot, after infinite pains, call to mind: we say it with shame and confusion of face, we always believed that her name was Smith. And now in what way shall we abjure our error? Who shall prescribe the form of the recantation? By what subtle artifice shall we at once save our self-respect and exhibit our profound respect for Miss Smithson? We have taken thought, and thus will we do it: Illustrious Parisians! blame us not that we in our ignorance did not perceive the virtues of this all accomplished lady.

'We could not see the Spanish fleet,
Because 'twas not in sight.'

You will not deny 'the soft impeachment,' that you educated talents which were lying dormant; you supplied whatever was wanting; you, in short, created the splendid *artiste* you have returned to us. Till the air of Paris has blown upon us, what are we, any of us? what is our philosophy, till that has given it life? what our criticism, till that has furnished it with profound and consistent laws? and what our religion, till—but, in that point, your services, like the tears of Mrs. Malaprop for the death of her husband, defy enumeration. And how then can we judge of actors and actresses, till they have passed through your moulding hands? We have only furnished the raw material; but it is for you to manufacture it into beauty and use. So much for our own vindication—now for Miss Smithson.

Miss Smithson has a handsome face, a good figure, rather *enbonpoint*, and she acts Jane Shore infinitely better than we think Jane Shore deserves to be acted. This is all we shall say at present. It has been rather a favourite exercise with some of our first actresses to inform the dead carcasses of Rowe with life, and no doubt in doing so they gave the highest proof of their genius which it was possible to furnish. Still we must be permitted to question whether they had a right thus to exercise their powers, whether they were spending their time lawfully, in imitating that which is essentially worthless and which deserves to rot. But an *artiste*, who, far as she may be and is above the ordinary tribe of actresses, stands at a much greater distance below the mistresses of the art, we are quite sure, ought not to undertake the task. She cannot thoroughly imbue with spirit that which is in itself spiritless, and she may receive her own conceptions by pitching them at so necessarily low a level. Let Miss Smithson, therefore, give us an opportunity of judging her in some real character, and she may depend upon it that we shall see her, and study her performance with minds much prejudiced in her favour by this her first performance, and anxious that she should attain the highest excellence which the warmest of her admirers believe to be within her reach. The other parts were well filled. The part of Hastings, though immeasurably more unworthy of Mr. Kemble than that of Jane Shore was of Miss Smithson, of course received all justice at his hands.

VARIETIES.

CHARACTER OF A GOOD PRINCE.—It cannot be said of the late Grand-Duke of Saxe-Weimar that his 'virtues were written in water'; or that their memory has faded with the moment which called them forth. It is no fleeting monument built upon the unstable sand, which a sovereign erects to his own fame, when he breaks the manacles that doom his subjects to the mental and physical slavery of feudal despotism; when he gives them free institutions and equal laws; and hallows his sacred office by that spirit of peace and goodwill, which acknowledges no distinction between the peasant in his homely frock and the noble in his rich attire. In an age, when liberality is a cloak for the most intolerant party spirit, and to wield a sceptre is become, in its malignant eyes, a title to obloquy and contempt, we should ill discharge our duty, did we omit any occasion of vindicating the princely character, and of adding one more name to the list of rulers who have conferred lustre on their times and country. And this name is not new to English ears; there are few amongst us who have forgotten that he was the first Sovereign who, in his native sphere, consummated the great conflict in which Europe had triumphantly wrestled for her liberties, by blessing his subjects with a free and well-ordered constitution. 'Never,' says a learned theologian, 'never can his people forget the anxiety with which he promoted their intellectual amelioration; inciting them by the animating example of his own devotion to the arts and sciences; fostering the improvements of the mind by institutions which his liberality endowed with means, and his benevolence with a befitting spirit; and affording shelter and protection to freedom of thought and education. Did he imagine that, by impeding the general enlightenment, by plunging his people in a deeper night of darkness, or encompassing them with a twilight of mental gloom, he should more effectually secure the power of the sovereign, the dignity of the throne, or the maintenance of public order and tranquillity? Never had such thoughts a habitation in the mind of our accomplished ruler; and well may we rank him among the most enlightened princes of the present age, when we behold him hailing every advancing step which his subjects made in the career of intellectual improvement, as a fresh source of blessing and happiness to the Sovereign and his people. No compulsion, no prohibition, which might shackle the aspirations of the mind, dared expect from him either favour or approval: whatever was ascertained to be reconcilable with rational considerations and conformable to an honest love of truth and justice, whether it concerned the relations between Prince and subject, or social regulations and institutions, or the most exalted objects of human existence, became endeared to his attention and regard, was recommended by him to earnest and conscientious investigation, and submitted to the free and unfettered discussion both of the tongue and pen.' 'What recollections,' says another writer, 'has not this excellent Prince left behind him! Can we forget his indefatigable activity? his unceasing ambition to acquire a better judgment? his lively concern for the interests of humanity, and his cordial desire to second their advancement? his patriotism and heroic intrepidity? his immovable justice and respect for public freedom? and that exalted love for his country and his people which rendered him ever watchful for their comfort and happiness?' These are truly thoughts that breathe enviable incense, and words that glow with a grateful eloquence, over the grave of a Prince who justly 'plucked allegiance from men's hearts.'

RUSSIAN LIBRARIES.—The University of Dorpat (of recent formation) already contains 50,000 volumes; University of Wilna, 30,000 vols., mostly in the Polish language; Convent of Petschewsky, about 10,000 vols.; Church of St. Nicholas, nearly 5,000 vols.; University of Charkow, nearly 21,000 vols.; University of Kasan, 16,000 vols. comprising many Mongol and Tartar MSS.; University of Astrachan, 7,000 vols.; Gymnasium of Irkutsk, 5,000 vols. (The Japanese tongue is taught in this college.)

THE COLOSSEUM.—The Committee of management of the affairs of the Colosseum are taking active steps towards the completion of this vast and spirited undertaking. Among other measures they have sent a circular to all the artists in town, proposing to them to send their works for exhibition in the rooms appropriated for the purpose. A permanent exhibition of this kind might be rendered a very interesting place of resort, especially if, as we understand is likely to be the

* Prof. Schotte of Jena.

case, works of old masters, for which the owners are desirous of finding purchasers, shall be added to it. The admission of modern paintings should not be too indiscriminate. The estimation of works of art is as liable as that of the persons who execute them, to be affected by the character of the company in which they are seen.

UNIVERSAL CATALOGUE OF MSS.—We hasten to supply an important omission in our notice of this undertaking, in a former number (No. 79, 1st col. p. 249). Professor Haenel's Catalogue embraces a Summary of all MSS. relating to Roman and West-Gothic Laws and Jurisprudence in general: the materials for which are the result of personal researches in the most celebrated libraries of Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Sicily, Holland, England, Scotland, and Ireland.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following subjects are discussed in the forthcoming No. (97) of 'The Edinburgh Review':—Census of the Population; Law of Mortality, &c.—Œuvres de Courier; Recent State of France—The Game Laws—Steuart's Planter's Guide—Interior of Africa—Library of Entertaining Knowledge—Mill's Essay on Government; Utilitarian Logic and Politics—Law of Legitimacy—The Last of the Catholic Question; its Principle, History, and Effects, &c., &c.

Mr. Peel having signified his desire that the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the practice of the several Courts of Law, should turn their attention to the subject of Arrests on Mesne Process, and Imprisonment for Debt, a work written by Mr. Northhouse, will be published in a few days, dedicated, 'by permission,' to the Right Honourable the Secretary of State for the Home Department, abounding with information upon the subject, and which has been for a considerable period in preparation, entitled, 'The present State of the principal Debtors' Prisons of the Metropolis, comprising the King's Bench, the Fleet, Whitecross-street Prison, Horsemonger-lane Prison, the Marshalsea, and the Borough Compter; with a variety of anecdote, illustrative of the impolicy and inhumanity of imprisonment for Debt, and the opinions of Dr. Johnson, Lord Eldon, the late Lord Mansfield, Lord Coke, Sir James Scarlett, the Law Commissioners, and several eminent Barristers, Attorneys at Law, &c., upon the subject.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE WEEK.

The British Historical Intelligencer, 8vo., 12s.
Rev. P. Allwood's Key to the Revelation of St. John, 8vo., 24s.
Fuller on Justification, 8vo., 18s. 6d.
Journey from Calcutta to Europe by way of Egypt, by Mrs. Chas. Lushington, 8s. 6d.
Bickersteth's Christian Student, 12mo., 9s.
Reichard's Descriptive Road Book of France, new edition, 18mo., 10s. 6d.
Lodge's Portraits, No. 1, fourth edition, 7s. 6d.
Margaret Coryton, a novel, by L. Cliffe, Esq., 3 vols., 1l. 7s.
Edwards's Eton Latin Grammar, 5th edition, 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Vallery, or the Citadel of the Lakes, a poem, by C. D. Silvery, 2 vols. 12mo., 10s.
Francour's Complete Course of Pure Mathematics, translated by R. Blakelock, 8vo., 15s.
Hinton's Natural History and Zoology, 4to., 5s.
W. Wilson's Manual of Instruction for Infant Schools, 12mo., plates, 7s. 6d.
Journal of an Embassy to the Coast of Ava, in 1827, by John Crawford, 1 vol. 4to., plates, 3l. 13s. 6d.
Romances of Real Life, by the author of 'Hungarian Tales,' 3 vols. post 8vo., 1l. 11s. 6d.
The Life and Services of Captain P. Bearer, by Captain W. H. Smyth, 8vo., 8s. 6d.
The Life of Belisarius, by Lord Mahon, 8vo., 12s.
Shreds and Patches of History, 2 vols. 18mo., 10s. 6d.
Mrs. B. More's Poems, new edition, post 8vo., 8s.
Mrs. H. More's Sacred Drama, new edition, post 8vo., 5s. 6d.
Cunningham's Critical Examination of Faber on Prophecy, 6s.
Rev. P. Fraser's Sermons on the Lives of the First Promulgators of Christianity, 8vo., 8s.
Rev. J. Slade's Annotations on the Epistles, 2 vols. 8vo., 18s.
Anecdotes of Dogs, by Capt. Thomas Brown, 12mo., 8s. 6d.
Tales of Field and Flood, by John Malcolm, 12mo., 7s. 6d.
Armand's Epitome of the Game of Whist, 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Stewart's Stories from the History of Scotland, 18mo., 4s.
The Poetical Sketch Book, by T. K. Hervey, 1 vol. 8vo., 10s. 6d.

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	May.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevailing Clouds.
Temperature registered at 9 A.M. and 8 P.M.		A.M. P.M.	at Noon.			
Mon.	4.58	49	29.55	NW-SW	Clear.	Cumulus.
Tues.	5.59	56	29.77	S.W.	Fair Cl.	Cirrostratus.
Wed.	6.57	53	29.76	Do.	Do.	Do.
Thur.	7.57	50	29.76	SW-NW	Showers.	Cum. Cirr.
Frid.	6.52	54	29.93	W to SW.	Fair Cl.	Do.
Sat.	9.09	57	29.98	W.	Do.	Do.
Sun.	11.54	54	29.93	N. to E.	Serene.	Cumulus.

Nights and mornings fair excepting on Wednesday.
Highest temperature at noon, 69°.

Astronomical Observations.

Mercury and Venus in conjunction on Monday, at noon.
Mars and the Moon ditto on Tuesday, at 9 h. P.M.
Venus's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 16° 42' in Taurus.
Mars's ditto ditto ditto, 21° 10' in Gemini.
Jupiter's ditto ditto ditto, 13° 0' in Sagitt.
Saturn's ditto ditto ditto, 28° 58' in Cancer.
Sun's ditto ditto ditto, 19° 30' in Taurus.
Length of day on Sunday, 15 h. 18 min. Increased 7 h. 28 m.
Sun's hor. motion on Sunday, 2' 24" plus. Logarithmic sum. of distance, .004559.

In a few days will be published, price 7s. 6d.,
THE VISION OF NOUREDDIN, and other
 Poems. By SPORZA.
 London: Hurst, Chance, and Co., St. Paul's Church-yard.

This day is published, price SIX SHILLINGS,
THE FOREIGN REVIEW, No. VI.
 CONTENTS: Art. I. Russia, Turkey, and India.—II. Creuzer; Symbolism, and Mythology of the Greeks.—III. Klopstock's Life and Odes.—IV. Kosegarten, Arabian Literature.—V. Macielowski, History of Roman Law.—VI. Voltaire.—VII. The Disputes of Brunswick and Hanover.—VIII. Guizot, English Revolution of 1688.—IX. to XIV. Short Reviews of the newest Classical, German, Polish, French, Italian, and Spanish Publications.—XV. Necrology, Gileja, Hassel, Schlegel.

Black, Young, and Young, 2, Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, and Bossange, Barthès, and Lowell, Great Marlborough-street.

No. VII. will appear in June.

This day is published, in 3 vols. post 8vo., price 24s. in boards,
REAY MORDEN; a Novel.—Die mihi quid melius desidiassagan.—*Martial*.

Published by G. A. Douglas, 19, Castle-street, Edinburgh; Simpkin and Marshall, London; and John Cumming, Dublin.

'Reay Morden' is a clever and spirited work. The style is throughout at once energetic and lively; and, in many passages, we recognise a mind of intense power.—*Caledonian Mercury*.

'He (the author) is evidently a person of some ability, and his natural talents have been cultivated by a gentlemanly education. He has studied human nature to some purpose, and stored his mind with a great deal of general information.'—*Edinburgh Observer*.

This day is published, in 12mo., the fourth edition, newly arranged, and very materially improved, with an entirely new set of copper-plate engravings, price 8s., handsomely half bound.

SYLLABIC SPELLING; or, a Summary Method of Teaching Children to Spell and Read with facility and pleasure. The fourth edition, with an entirely new set of Copper-plate Engravings, and an improved arrangement adapted to them. By Mrs. WILLIAMS, author of the 'Conversations on English Grammar.'

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'The object of the useful little book before us is to reduce the difficulties of learning to read, and the author sets about the task in a way that entitles her to the thanks of all mankind. Her book is a Primer; but the child will want no other book—for when this is properly thumbed, the pupil will be able to read the Encyclopædia through aloud.'—*Spectator of April 11*.

Boxes with appropriate Counters, for the amusement of young beginners, may be had, if required, of the publishers. Printed for Whittaker, Treacher, and Co., Ave Maria-lane.

This day is published,
PORTUGAL ILLUSTRATED; by the Rev. W. M. KINSEY, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and Chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Auckland. Embellished with a Map, Plates of Coins, Vignettes, and various Engravings of Costumes, Landscape Scenery, &c. Second edition, with large additional matter, and several new embellishments. Handsomely printed in imperial 8vo., price two guineas, in board.

'Few books of the present day have had a more attractive or imposing appearance than the work of Mr. Kinsey. It is well calculated to afford that kind of information which is precisely adapted to the actual wants of the greater number of readers. It gives distinct and very admirable descriptions of Portuguese scenery; not of its landscapes merely, but of that which is more interesting—that which is formed by the grouping of objects met in every day life—by the peopling of the scenes of Portugal with their proper inhabitants.'—*Athenæum*.

'The chief merit of "Portugal Illustrated" consists in the vast mass of information it contains upon every thing that concerns Portugal and the Portuguese; character, manners, religion, scenery, customs, costume, music, literature, &c., are all more or less ably described. The style is lively and pleasing; the sentiments are generally liberal; the remarks are frequently just and to the purpose. The Map and the Engravings are correctly and neatly executed, and add much to the value and interest of the work.'—*Weekly Review*.

'Mr. Kinsey's work is neither a Statistical Treatise, nor a regular Tour, but a piece of literary Mosaic, in which prose is garnished with poetry, and history, geography, and antiquity blended with personal anecdotes, sketches of character, descriptions of scenery and political discussions, forming on the whole a tolerably instructive and very amusing mélange. But the greatest charm of the book lies in its embellishments, which consist of more than thirty engravings, and about twenty vignettes, executed in the first style of excellence. They are all, we believe, from original drawings. Some are landscapes, some views of cities, palaces, or ancient castles, one or two are portraits, &c.; and there are nine very beautiful coloured plates of the national costumes. Taste has presided over this department equally in the design and the execution. It is, in short, one of the finest specimens of an illustrated book which we have seen—a literary luxury, designed, one would suppose, exclusively for the unsoiled fingers of the aristocracy, yet sold at a price which is remarkably moderate, considering the cost at which it must have been got up.'—*Scotman*.

Printed for Treuttel, Wurtz, and Co., 30, Soho-square.

No. VII., price 7s. 6d., of the

FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

CONTENTS: I. Sismondi's History of France.—II. Language and Literature of Holland.—III. Ancient National Poetry of Spain.—IV. Scandinavian Mythology.—V. French Criminal Trials.—VI. Mexico.—VII. Victor Hugo's Poems and Novels.—VIII. Von Hammer's History of the Ottoman Empire.—IX. Foreign Views of the Catholic Question.—X. CRITICAL SKETCHES.—X. Coquerel's History of English Literature.—XI. Bp. Munter's Account of a MS. of St. John's Gospel.—XII. Peletier's Treatise on Heat.—XIII. Martinez de la Rosa's Works.—XIV. Guerazzi's Battle of Benevento, an Historical Romance.—XV. Annuaire of the Board of Longitude for 1829; M. Arago's Notice of the Steam Engine.—Miscellaneous Literary Notices, No. VII.—List of New Works published on the Continent from January to March, 1829.

No. VIII. will be published in July.

Printed for Treuttel, Wurtz, and Co., 30, Soho-square; of whom may be had, just published, in 8vo., price 15s. in boards, Vol. II., of

HISTORIC SURVEY OF GERMAN POETRY, interspersed with various translations. By W. TAYLOR, of Norwich.

THE EXHIBITION OF LODGE'S PORTRAITS OF THE MOST ILLUSTRIOUS PERSONAGES OF GREAT BRITAIN, from the Galleries of his Majesty, the Nobility, and from Public Collections, is OPEN DAILY, from nine till six, at Messrs. Harding and Lepard's, No. 4, Pall Mall East, corner of Suffolk-street.

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FINE ARTS.—MONTGOMERY GALLERY,

309, Regent-street.—Mr. J. RAWSON WALKER has the honour to submit to Public Inspection TEN PAINTINGS, to illustrate parts of Montgomery's celebrated Poem, 'The World before the Flood.'—Open from nine till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d.

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This day is published,

HISTORY OF RUSSIA, and of PETER THE GREAT.

By GENERAL COUNT PHILIP DE SEGUIR, Author of the 'History of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia.' Handsomely printed in one volume, 8vo. Price 10s. 6d. in boards; also, in French, 8s.

'Count Segur has here done for the general reader what the latter would scarcely have done for himself. He has gone over the lengthy volumes of Karamzin, Levesque, and others, and presents us with the essence of Russian history in a brief but spirited abridgment, which even a busy man may read during the snatches of leisure he can find in a single week. It is executed, we think, with care and judgment. The matter is well selected, and the reflections intermixed show penetration and good sense. The style displays vivacity and taste; but is not quite free of the false brilliancy into which the example of Montesquieu has seduced many French writers. We confess that a work like this gives us just as much information on the subject of Russian annals, as we desire, or have time to make use of; and we are well pleased to have it presented in so attractive a form. The translation seems to be upon the whole well executed.'—*Scotman*.

'If the history of such a country, in all its details, were yet to be written, Count Segur is not exactly the person we should choose for that task. But when it is desirable to condense those details, to strip them of all that is obscure or doubtful, to pass lightly over that which lacks sufficient interest, and to present in strong and vivid colours, events likely to excite curiosity and rivet attention, the author of "The History of Napoleon, and of the Grand Army in 1812," and the skilful painter of that disastrous retreat to which nothing of its kind in ancient or modern times can be compared, is precisely the writer whom we should expect ably and successfully to execute so important an undertaking. In this sense, therefore, we are glad that Count Segur has written the history of Russia, and still more gratified are we that he has compressed in into a single volume.'—*Weekly Review*.

'Count Segur's candid and liberal "Narrative of Napoleon's Expedition to Russia in 1812," has made his name favourably known in the republic of letters. The work now before us which is on a subject of far greater extent and difficulty, will not diminish his reputation.'—*Edinburgh Literary Journal*.

'Count Segur professes to give a rapid sketch of the rise and progress of Russia, of the characters of the men that conducted to her alternate debasement and elevation; he has redeemed his pledge, leaving those who would seek for a minute description to consult the pages of more verbose authors. The style of Segur, as will readily be conceded by those who have read his History of the great Russian Campaign, is full of vigour and animation; his pen paints a character in a sentence, gives a scene, full of stir and bustle, breathing a reality and freshness, in half a page—then passes on to a new subject, casting abroad scintillations of a fervid, acute, and elastic spirit. The author's account of Peter is very beautifully written.'—*Weekly Times*.

'We state our impression, without asserting it as a fact, that M. Segur's is a good book; and we would add, with much more confidence, that it is a better book than, we think, nine out of ten clever men would have written on so very difficult a subject.'—*Athenæum*.

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SONTAG and VELLUTI.—Argyll Rooms.—

The Nobility and Gentry are respectfully acquainted, that THREE GRAND MORNING CONCERTS will take place at the above Rooms, May 15, 22, and 30, for which are engaged Mademoiselle Sontag and Signor Velluti, Mademoiselle Blasius, Signor Curioni, Signor Torri, and Signor Pellegri. Conductor, Sir George Smart.—Tickets, 10s. 6d. each, to be had at the Argyll Rooms, where boxes can be secured; and at the principal Music Warehouses. Doors to be opened at one o'clock, and the performance will commence at two.

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